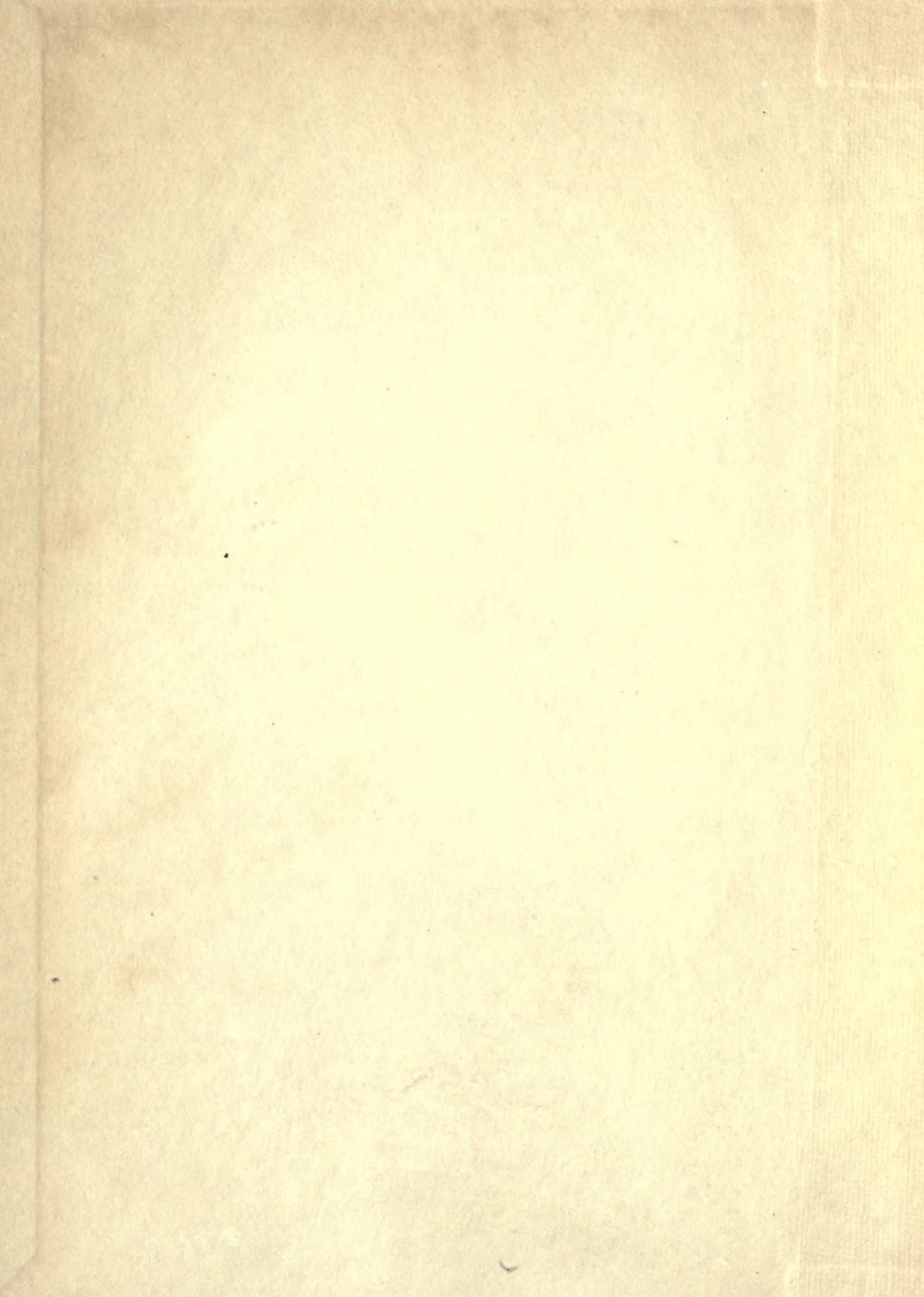


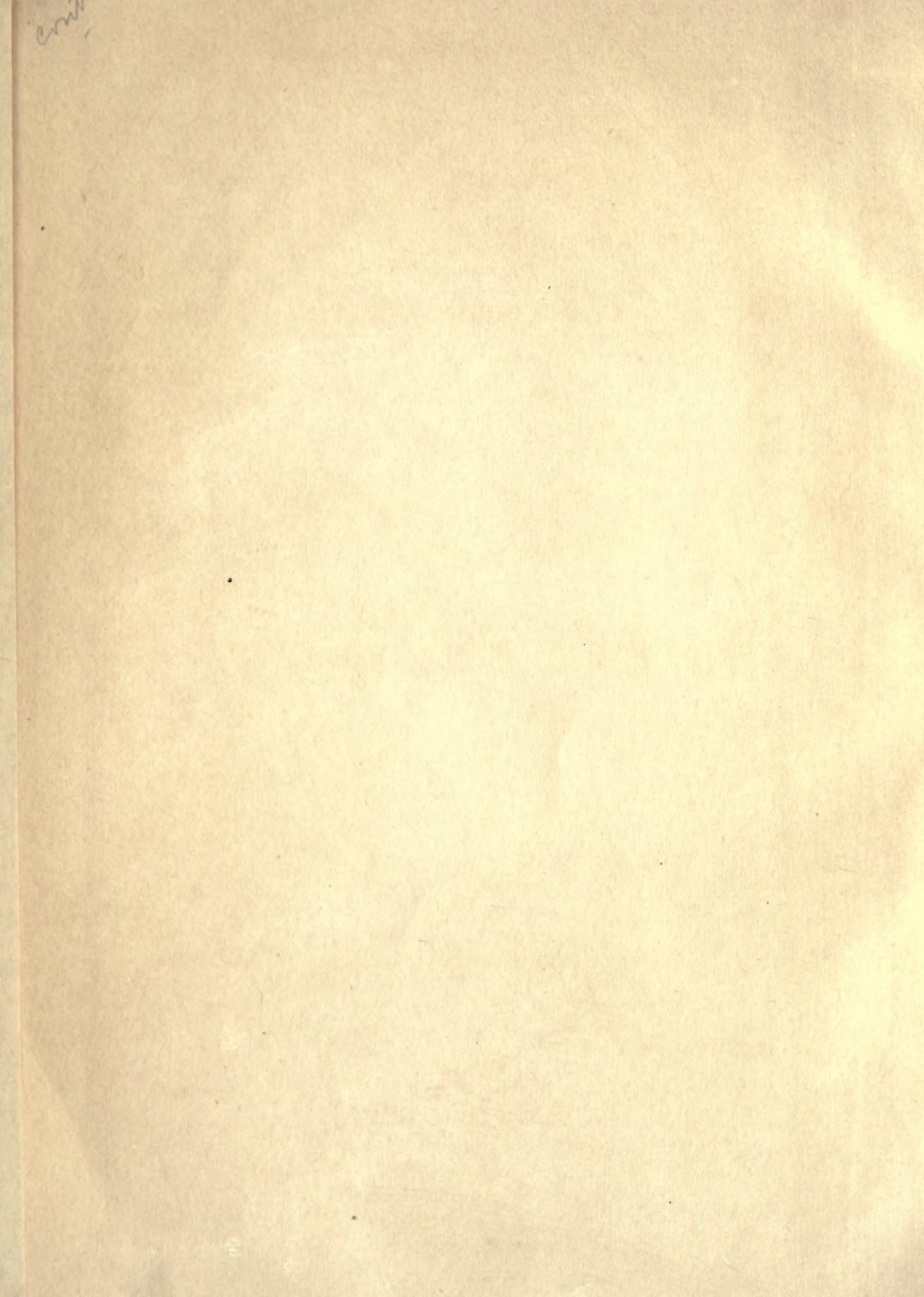
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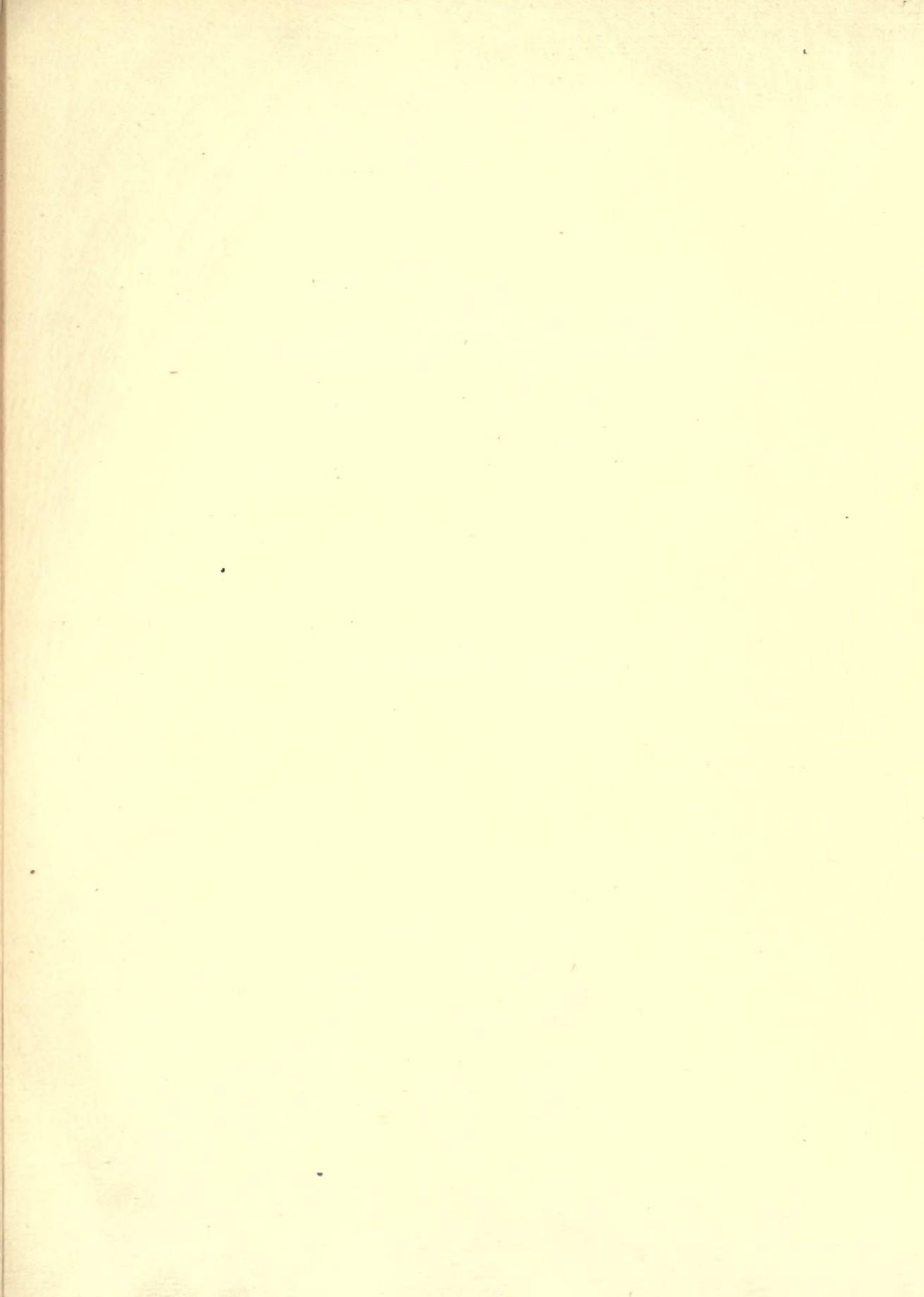
## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

### Sir Giles Goosecap

*Date of Earliest Known Edition . . . 1606*

[*B.M. 11,773. bbb. 5*]

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 109.]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Sir Giles Goosecap

1606

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*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
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## Sir Giles Goosercap

1606

*Besides the Museum copy of this play, from which this facsimile is reproduced, there is another example in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.*

*Another edition, "printed for Hugh Perry," was issued in 1636. Of this impression some copies are found without the date, that being the only variation.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports that "it is a practically faultless reproduction."*

JOHN S. FARMER.





SIR  
GYLES GOOSECAPPE  
*Knight.*

---

A Comedie presented by the Chil:  
of the Chappell.



AT LONDON:  
Printed by John Windet for  
*Edward Blans.* 1606.



EUGENIA AND DONA AND A Nobile Ladis. ELYD

Hypolita, { Ladis - virgin, and Companions to Eugenia.

Penelope,

Wynnfred, gentleman to Eugenia.

Monsford, A Noble Man, uncle to Eugenia.

Clarence, Gentleman, friend to Mysf.

Fowlenreber, a french affected Travayler, & a Capaine.

Sir Giles Gooscap: a foolish knight.

Sir Cuthbert Rudsbe, a bliste knight.

Sir Clement kingcok, a knight.

Lord Tales.

Lord Farmsall.

Bullaker, a french Page.

Jack, Pages  
Will









## SIR GYLES GOOSE- CAPPE, KNIGHT.

### ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

*Enter Bullaker with a Torche.*

*Bullaker.*

**T**HIS is the Countesse Eugenias house I thinke; I  
can neuer hit of theis same English Cittie  
howles, tho I were borne here; if I were in  
ny City in Fraunce, I coulde find any house  
there at midnight,

*Enter Jacke, and Will.*

*Jack.* The istwo strange hungrie knights (*VVill*) make  
the leanest trenchers that ever I waited on.

*Will.* A plague on them *Jack*, they leaue vs no fees  
at all, for our attendance, I thinke they vse to sett their  
bones in siluer they pick them so cleane, see, see, see *Jack*,  
whats that?

*Jack.* A my worde (*VVill*) tis the great Baboone, that  
was to be seene in Southwarke.

*VVill.* Is this he? gods my life what beastes were we,  
that we wood not see him all this while, neuer trust mee  
if hee looke not somewhat like a man, see how pretely  
hee holds the torche in one of his forefete, wheres his  
keeper trowe, is he broke loose?

*Jack.* Hast euer an Apple about thee (*VVill*) wee  
take him vp sure, we shall get a monstrosous deale of mo-  
ny with him,

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

VVyl. That we shal yfath boy, and looks thunhere,  
heres a red cheekt apple to take him vp with.

Ia. Excellent fit amy credit, lets lay downe our pro-  
uant, and to him.

Bul. Ile let them alone a while.

Ia. Giue me the apple to take vp Lasse, because my  
name is Jack.

Yfit Hold thee Lasse, take it.

Ia. Come Lasse, come Lasse, come Lasse,

Bul. I will come to your Sir, Ile Lasse ye a my worde,  
Ile Lasse ye.

VVyl Gods me he speakes Lasse, O pray pardon vs Sir:

Bul. Out ye impudent knyghtes can yett not knowe a  
man from a Marmasett, in theis Frenchified dayes of  
ours: nay ile Lasse ye a little better yet.

Ia. Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon vs.

Bul. Pardon vs, out ye home-bred peasants, plain eng-  
lish, pardon vs, if you had parled, & not spoken, but said  
pardonne moy, I wold haue pardonid you, but since you  
speake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

Ambo O pardonne moy monsieur.

Bul. Bien il vous remercie, shers pardonne pour vous Sir now.

Will Why I thanke ye for it Sir, you seeme to bee a  
Squire of our ordre Sir.

Ia. Whose page might you be Sir.

Bul. I am now the great French Traualers page.

Will Or rather th French Traualers great page Sir, on, on

Bul. Hight Captaine Fouleweather, alias Comenda-  
tions; whose valours within here at super with the Cou-  
tes Eugenia, whose proper eaters I take you two to be.

Will You mistake vs not Sir.

Ia. This captain Fouleweather, alias Comendations  
(Will) is the gallat that wil needs be a tutor to our Couetes

Will Faith and if Fouleweather be a welcome suiter to  
a faire Ladie, has good lucke.

Ia. O Sir, beware of one that can showre into the  
lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowleweather? why hees a

Capinado





*Sir Gyles Gosecappe.*

Captinado; or Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their ioyntes that giue him cause to worke vpon them so heauylye, that hee will make their hartes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowleweather? why hee will make the cold stones sweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather? why he does so dominere, and raigne ouer women.

*Will* A plague of Captaine Fowleweather I remeber him now *Jack*, and know him to be a dull moist braind Asse.

*Ia.* A Southerne man I thinke.

*Will* As fearefull as a Hare, & a will lye like a Lapwing, & I know how he came to be a Captain, & to haue his Surname of Commendations.

*Ia.* How I preethee *Will*?

*Will* Why Sir he serued the great Ladie Kingcob, and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & because a cood brush vp her silkes lustely, she thought hee would curry the enimies coates as soundly, and so by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

*Ia.* Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth also of his owne, he was euer after surnamde Captaine Commendations?

*Will* Right.

*Bul.* I Sit right, but if he had not said right, my Captaine shoulde haue taken now wrong at his hardes, nor yours neither I can tell ye.

*Ia.* What are those two Knights names, that are thy captaines Comrades, and within at supper with our Lady?

*Bul.* One of their names Sir, is, Sir Gyles Gosecappe, the others Sir Curr. Rudeby.

*Will* Sir Gyles Gosecappe whats he a gentleman?

*Bul.* I that he is at least if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe house is in Essex.

*Ia.* In Essex? did not his Aunceftors come out of London?

*Bul.* Yes that they did Sir, the beſt Gosecapes

in

*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

in England, comes out of London I assure you,

*Will* I but Sir these must come ir to it before they  
come out ont I hope, but what countriman is Sir  
Cust. Rudesby?

*Bul.* A Northern man, or a VVesternā I take him,  
but my Capraine is the Emphaticall man; and by that  
pretty word Emphaticall you shall partly know him; for  
tis a very forcible word in troth, & yet he forces it too  
much by his fauour; mary no more then he does all the  
rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicite often times  
he trauailes himselfe out of all good company.

*Lack.* Like enough; he trauaileth for nothing else.

*Wil* But what qualities haunt Sir *Gyles Gooscap* now  
Sir?

*Bul.* Sir *Gyles Gooscap* has alwayes a deathes head (as  
it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reason for every  
thing is, because wee are all mortall; and therefore hee  
is generally cald the mortall knight; then hath he ano-  
ther prettie phrase too, and that is, he will tickle the va-  
nitie ant still in every thing, and this is your *Summatotie*-  
lis of both their virtues.

*Ia.* Tis enough, tis enough, as long as they haue land  
enough, but now muster your thirde person afore vs I  
beseech you,

*Bul.* The thirde person and second knight blunt Sir  
*Cust. Rudesby*, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe  
at a blunt wit; a good bustling gallant talkes well at  
Rouers; he is two parts souldier, as flouenlie as a Switz-  
er, and somewhat like one in face too; for he weare a  
bush beard wil dead a Cannon shott better then a wool-  
packe; hee will come into the presence like yor French-  
man in soule bootes; and dares eate garlik as a prepa-  
rative to his Courtship; you shall knowe more of him here-  
after; but good wags let me winne you now, for the  
Geographicall parts of your Ladies in requitall.

*Wil* That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographicall too  
and you will; first my Ladie the widowe, and Countes

*Eugenias,*





*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

*Eugenio*, is in earnest, a most worthy Ladie, and indeede  
can doe more then a thousand other Ladies can doe I  
can tell ye.

*Bul.* Whats that I pray thee?

*Lack.* Mary Sir, he meanes she can do more then sleep,  
and eate and drinke; and play at noddy, and helpe to  
make hir selfe ready.

*Bul.* Can she so?

*I. Will* She is the best scholler of any woman but one in  
England, she is wile and vertuous,

*Ia.* Nay shee has one strange qualitie for a woman  
besides, tho these be strange enough that hee has reko-  
ned.

*Bul.* For Gods sake whats that?

*Ia.* She can loue reasonable constantly, for she loued  
her husband only, almost a whole yere togeather.

*Bul.* Thats strange indeed, but what is youre faire  
Ladie Sir?

*Ia.* My Ladie Sir, the Ladie Hippolita.

*VVill* I hat is as chaste as euer was *Hippolitus*.

*Ia.* (True my prettie Parenthesys) is halfe a maid, halfe a  
wife, and halfe a widdowe.

*Bul.* Strange tale to tell; howe canst thou make this  
good my good Assumpſt.

*Ia.* Thus Sir, she was betroathed to a galiant young  
gentleman that loude her with such paſion and admira-  
tion that he never thought he could bee so blessed as  
to enioy her in full marriage, till the miſſe was mar-  
rying them, and euen then when he was laying I Charles  
take thee *Hippolita*; with extreame ioy he began to looke  
pale, then going forwardes laying to my wedded wife,  
he lookt paler, and, then proouincing, or richer for  
poorer as long as we both shall liue, he lookt extreame  
pale; Now sir when she comes to speake her parte, and  
said, I *Hippolita* take thee ( herles, hee began to faint for  
joy, then laying to my wedded hulband, hee began to  
sinke, but then going forth too for better for worse, he  
could.

*Sir Gyles Gosecappe.*

coulde stand no longer but with verie conceit it seemed  
that shee whome hee tended as the best of all thinges,  
shoulde pronounce the worst , and for his sake  
too, hee suncke downe right, and died sodenly : And  
thus being halfe married, & her halfe husband wholy  
dead, I hope I may with discretion affirme her, halfe a  
maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe: do ye conceiue  
me Sir?

*Bul.* O Lord Sir, I deuoure you quicke; and now Sir I beseech you open vnto me your tother Ladie, what is shee?

"Will He answer for her, because I know her Ladiship  
to be a perfect maid indeed,

**But How canst thou know that?**

will Palling perfectly I warrant ye.

I. By measuring her necke twice, and trying if it will come about her forehead, and slyp ouer her nose ?

Will No Sir no, by a rule that wil not slip so I warrant  
you, which for hit honours sake I wil let slip vnto you,  
gods so lacke, I thinke they haue supt.

7a. Bir Ladie we haue waited wel the whise.

Will VVell though they haue lost their attendance;  
Let not vs lose our Suppers lack.

*Sack I doe not meane it, come Sir you shall goe in and  
drinke with vs yfaith.*

Bul. Pardonne moy monsieur.

*both No pardoning in trueth Sir,*

Bul. Ic. - mury de bon Cent.

SCHOOL

## *Enter Goosescappe Rudestry Foulweather Eugenia*

Hippol. Penelope, Wym.

Rnd. A plague on you sweete Ladies, tis not so late,  
what needed you to haue made so short a supper.

*Goos.* In truth Sir Cnrt. we might haue tickled the v-  
nkle ant, an howre longer if my watch be trustible!

*Fond, I but how should theis bewties knowe that Sir  
Gyles? your watch is mortall, and may erre.*

• 5 Geof.





Sir Gyles Geosecappe.

*Go.* Thats sooth Captain, but do you hear honest friēd,  
pray take a light, and see if the moone shine, I haue a  
Sunne diall will resolute presently.

*Fo.* Howsoeuer belieue it Ladies, tis vnwholesome, vn-  
courtlie, vnpleasant to eate hastelic, & rise sodainly, a man  
can shew no discourse, no witt, no stirring, no varietie,  
no prettie conceits, to make the meate goe down

*Eu.* Winnefred.

(emphaticalys)

*Win.* Madam.

*Eu.* I prethie goe to my vnkle the Lord Momford, and  
intreat him to come quicken our cares with some of his  
pleasant Spirit; This same Fowlweather has made me so  
melanchollie, prethie make haste.

*Win.* I will madam.

*Exit.*

*Hip.* VVe will bid our guests good night madam, this  
same Fowlweather makes me so sleepeie.

*Pen.* Fie vppon it, for Gods sake shut the Casements,  
heres such a fulsome aire comes into this chamber, in  
good faith madame you must keepe your house in bet-  
ter reparations, this same Fowlweather beats in so filthily.

*Eng.* Ile take order with the Porter for it Ladie, good  
night gentlemen.

*Rn.* VVhy good night & be hāgd, & youl needs be gon.

*Goof.* God giue you good night madams, thanke you  
for my good cheere, weeble tickle the vanitie ant, no  
longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La: to  
supper at my lodging one of these morninges; and that  
ere long too, because we are all mortall, you know.

*Eu.* Light the Ladie Penelope, and the Ladie Hippolita to  
their chambers, good night faire Ladies.

*Hip.* Good night madam, I wish you may sleepe well  
after your light supper.

*Eng.* I warrant you Ladie I shall never be troubled with  
dreaming of my Frēch Suter.

*Exeunt*

*Rn.* VVhy how now my Frēchised captain Fowlweather?  
by gods ludd thy Surname is never thought vpō here, I  
perceiue heeres no bodie giues thee any cōmedations.

*Fo.* VVhy this is the vntrauaild rudnes of our grose Eng-

*Sir Gyles Gaofer app.*

Iesh Ladies now; would any French Ladie vse a man thus  
shinkeye? be they any way so ynciuil, and fulsome? they  
say they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes, I  
say they lie, and I will die int.

*Rud.* I, doe so, pray thee, thou shalt die in a very ho-  
notable cause, thy countries generall quarrell right.

*Foul.* Their smockes quoth you? a my worde you shal  
take them vp so white, and so pure, so sweet, so Empha-  
ticall, so mouuing.

*Rud.* I marry Sir, I think they be continually mouing.

*Foul.* But if their smockes were Course or foule.

*Rud.* Nay I warrant thee thou carest not, so thou wert  
at them.

*Foul.* S'death they put not all their virtues in their  
smockes, or in their mockes, or in their stewde cockes  
as our Ladies doe.

*Rud.* But in their stewde pox, theres all their gentili-  
tie.

*Gooſ.* Nay good Sir *Catt.* doe not agrauate him no  
more.

*Foul.* Then are they so kinde, so wise, so familiare  
so noble, so sweet in entertainment, that when you shal,  
hauen cause to discourse or sometimes to come neerer  
them; if your breath bee ill, your teeth ill, or any thing  
about you ill, why they will presently breake with ye,  
in kind sort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell  
you plaine this; thus it is with your breath Sir, thus it is  
with your tee. Sir, this is your disease, and this is your  
medicine.

*Gooſ.* As I am true mortall Knight, it is most superla-  
tively good, this.

*Foul.* Why this is Courtly now, this is sweete, this  
plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of France, our  
peuylste dames are so proud, so precise, so coy, so disdain-  
full, and so subtil, as the Pomonean Serpent, *mort dieſe* the  
Punck of Babylon was never so subtil.

*Rud.* Nay doe not chafe so Captainc.

*Foul.* Yow





*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

*Foul.* Your Frenchman wood euer chasē Sir Cutt, be-  
ing thus moude.

*Rud.* VVhat; and play with his beard so.

*Foul.* I and brystle, it doth expresse that passion of an-  
ger very full and emphaticall.

*Goof.* Nay good knight if your French wood brystle,  
lethim alone, introth our Ladies are a little too coy and  
subtill Captaine indeed.

*Foul.* Subtle Sir Gyles Gooscappe? I assure your Soule,  
they are as subtill with their suters, or loue, as the La-  
tine Diale&t where the nominatiue Case, and the verbe,  
the Substantiue, and the Adiectiue, the verbe, and the  
verbe, stand as far a sunder, as if they were perfe&t stran-  
gers one to another; and you shall hardly find them out,  
but then learne to Construe, and perse them, and you  
shall find them prepard, and acquainted, & agree toge-  
ther, in Case, gender, and number.

*Goof.* I detest Sir Cutt, I did not thinke hee had bin  
halfe the quintissence of a schoiler he is.

*Foul.* Slydd theres not one of them truely emphatical.

*Goof.* Yes Ille ensure you Captaine, there are many of  
them truely Emphaticall but all your French Ladies are  
not fatt? are they Sir?

*Foul.* Fatt Sir, why doe yee thinke Emphaticall is fatt  
Sir Gyles?

*Rud.* Gods my life brother knight, didst thou thinke  
so? hart I know not what it is my selfe but yet I neuer  
thought it was fatt, Ille be sworne to thee.

*Foul.* Why if any true Courtly dame had had but this  
new fashioned sute, to entertaine any thing in different-  
ly stuffed, why you shold haue had her more respectiue  
by farre.

*Rud.* Nay theres some reason for that Captaine, me  
thinks a true woman shold perpetually doate vpon a  
new fashon.

*Foul.* VVhy y'are i'thright Sir Cutt. *In nona fert Amis*  
*mus mutata dicereformas.* tis the mind of man, and wo-

Sir Gyles Goofscappe.

man to affect new fashions; but to our Mysfatives for sooth, if he come like to your *Befognis*, or your bore, so he bee rich, or emphaticall, they care not; would I might never excell a dutch Skipper in Courtshippe, if I did not put distaste into my cariage of purpose; I knew I should not please them. *Lacquay allume le torche.*

Rud. Slydd, heres neither Torch, nor Lacquay me Foul. O mon daw, thinks,

Rud. O doe not sweare Capitaine,

Foul. Your Frenchman euer sweares Sir Catt, vpon the lacke of his Lacquay I assure you.

Goof. See heere he comes, and my Ladies two pages, they haue bin tickling the vanitie ont yfaire.

SCÆNA TERTIA.

Enter to them Jack, Bullaker, Will.

Ia. Captaine Fowleweather, my Ladie the Countess *Eugenias* commends hit most kindly to you, and is determined to morrowe morning earely if it be a frost to take her Coach to Barnet to bee nipt whereif it please you, to meet her, and accompany her homewarde, ioyning your wit with the frost, and helpe to nippe her. She does not doubt but tho you had a sad supper, you will haue a ioyfull breakefast.

Foul. I shall indeed my deare youth.

Rud. Why Captaine I abusd thee, I see: I said the Ladies respeted thee not, and now I perceiue the widow is in loue with thee.

Foul. Sblood knight I knew I had strucke her to the quicke, I wondred shee departed in that extravagant fashion: I am sure I past one *Passado* of Courtship vpon her, that has hertofore made a lane amongst the French Ladies like a Culuering Shot, He be sworne; and I think Sir Gyles you saw how she fell vnder it.

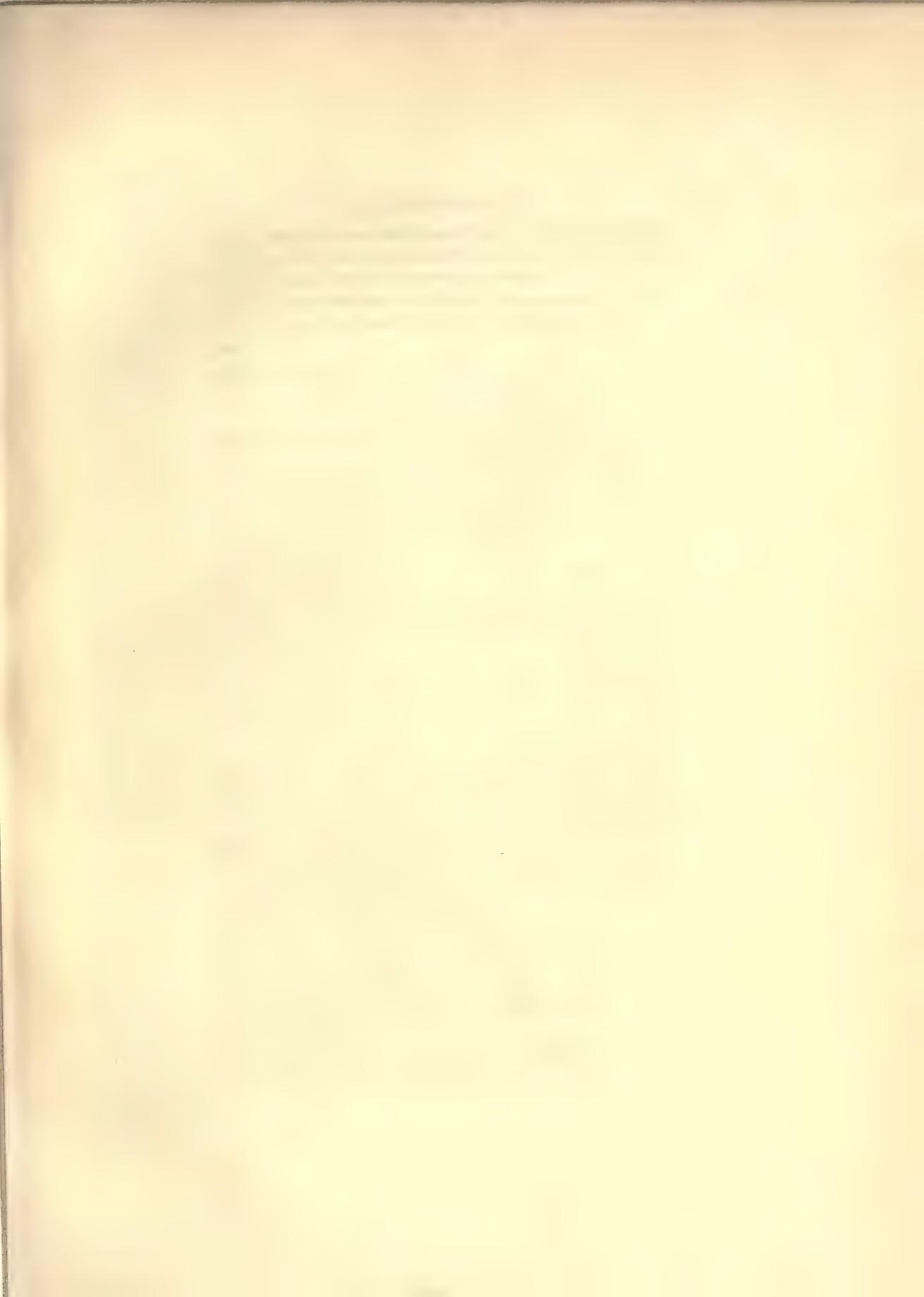
Goof. O as cleare as candlelight, by this day-light.

Rud. O good knight a the post, heele sweare any thing.

Will. The other two Ladies commend them no lesse kindly to you two knights too; & desire your worships wood meeete them at Barnegith morning with the Cap-

Foul. Goof, Rud. O good Sir.

(taine.





*sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

*Gof.* Our worships shal attend their Ladiships thether.

*Ia.* No Sir *Giles* by no meanes, they will goe priuately thether, but if you will meet them there.

*Rud.* Meet them, weeble die fort, but weeble meet them,

*Foul.* Lets goe thether to night knights, and you bee true gallants.

*Rud.* Content.

*Ia.* How greedely they take it in Sirra.

*Gof.* No it is too farre to goe to night, weeble bee vp betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

*Foul.* Why its but ten miles, & a fine cleere night *S. Gyles*

*Gof.* But ten miles? what doe ye talke Captaine?

*Rud.* VVhy doost thinke its any more?

*Gof.* I, lle laie ten pounds its more then ten mile, or twelue either.

*Rud.* VVhat to Barnet?

*Gof.* I, to Barnet?

*Ru.* Slidd, lle laie a hūdred pōud with thee, if thou wilt.

*Gof.* Ile laie fwe hundred, to a hundied, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know, I am sure it was fouryeare agoen ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles growe thinke you, as well as other *Animals*.

*Ia.* O wise Knight!

*Gof.* I never Innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of theise Ridiculus Fleas, that I was faine to lie standing al' night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the candle too, because they should not see to bite me.

*Foul.* A prettie project.

*Bul.* Intruth Captain if I might aduise you, you shoule tarrie, and take the morning afore you.

*Foul.* How? *O mon Dieu*, how the villaine *porcironne*, dishonours his trauaille? you *Buffony Mouchroum*, are you so mere rude, and English to aduise your Captaine?

*Ru.* Nay I prethie *Foulweather* be not tēpesteous with thy poore Lacquay.

*Foul.* Tēpesteous Sir *Cntr*, will your Frenchman think you, suffer his Lacquay to aduise him?      *Ge.* O God

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Go. O God you must take heed Lacy how you advise  
your captain; your French Lacy would not have donit.

Foul. He would haue bin poxt first: *Allume le vorche,*  
sweet pages commend vs to yout Ladies, say wee kisse  
their white handes, and will not faile to mette them:  
knights which of you leades?

Goof. Not we Sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

Rud. Besides, thou art commended for the better man,  
for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine  
Commendations.

Foul. VVhy, what tho I be Captaine Commendati-  
ons:

Rud. VVhy and Captain commendations, is hartie  
commendations, for Captaines are hartie I am sure, or  
else hang them,

Foul. VVhy, what if I bee harty Commendations,  
come, come, sweete knights leade the way.

Rud. O Lorde Sir, alwaies after my hartie Commen-  
dations.

Foul. Nay then you conquer mee with president, by  
the Autenticall forme of all Justice letters. *Allam.*

Exeunt.

Ia. Heres a most sweet Gudgeon swallowed, is there  
not?

Will I but how will they digest it thinkest thou? when  
they shall finde our Ladies not there?

Ia. I haue. vaunt-Curriing devise shall make them  
digest it most healthfully. Exeunt.

### SCÆNA QVARTA.

Enter Clarence Musicians.

Cla. VVorke on sweet loue, I am not yet resolud  
To exhaust this troubled spring of yanities  
And nurse of perturbations, my poore life,  
And therefore since in euery man that holds  
This being deare, there must be some desire  
VVhose power to enjoy his obie&t may so maske

The





*Sir Gyles GoFFEYPE.*

The Judging part that in her radyant eyes,  
His estimation of the world may seeme  
Vpright, and worthy, I haue chosen loue  
To blind my Reason with his mistie handes  
And make my estimatiue power beleive  
I haue a project worthy to imploy  
VVhat worth so euer my whole man affordes:  
Then sit at rest my Soule, thou now hast found  
The ende of thy infusion, in the eyes  
Of thy diuine Eugenia looke for heauen.

*Cla.* Thanks gentle friends *A song to the Violls.*  
is your good Lord and mine, gon vp to beddy yet?

*Enter Mowford.*

*Mom.* I do assure ye not Sir, not yet, nor yet, my deep,  
and studious friend, not yet musicall Clarence.

*Cla.* My Lord?

*Mom.* Nor yet, thou sole deuider of my Lordshippe.

*Cla.* That were a most vnfitt diuision  
And farre aboue the pitche of my lowe plumes  
I am your bold and constant guest my Lord.

*Mom.* Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long  
Almost theis twentie yeares, and halfe those yeares  
Hast bin my bedfellow; long time before  
This vnseene thing, this thing of nought inde' d  
Or Atome cald, my Lordshippe shinde in me  
And yet thou makst thy selfe as little bo' i  
To take such kindnes, as becomes the Age  
And truth of our indissolable loue  
As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday  
Such is thy gentle and too tender Spirit.

*Cla.* My Lord, my want of Courtship makes me feare  
I should be rude, and this my meane estate  
Meetes with such enuie, and detraction  
Such misconstruktions, and resolud misdoomes  
Of my poore worth, that shold I be aduaunc'd

Beyonde

*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

Beyond my vnseene loweness, but one haire  
I should be torne in peeces with the Spirits  
That flye in ill-lungd tempests through the world,  
Tearing the head of vertue from her shoulders  
If she but looke out of the ground of glorie.  
Twixt, whome, and me, and every worldie fortune  
There fighes such sowre, and Curst *Antipathy*  
So waspishe, and so petulant a Starre,  
That all things tending to my grace or good  
Are rauisht from their obiect, as I were  
A thing created for a wildernes  
And must not thinke of any place with men.

*Mom.* O harke you Sir, this waiwardre moode of yours  
must syfted be, or rather rooted out,  
youle no more musick Sir ?

*Cla.* Not now my Lord,

*Mom.* Begon my masters then to bedd, to bedd.

*Cla.* I thanke you honest friends      *Exeunt Musici.*

*Mo.* Hence with this book, & now *Mounfieur Clarence*,  
methinks plaine & profe friendship would do excellent  
well betwixt vs comethus Sir, or rather thus, come Sir  
tis time I trowe that we both liu'd like one bodie, thus,  
and that both our sides were slit, and Concorporat  
with *Organs* fit to effect an indiuiduall passage even for  
our very thoughts; suppose wee were one bodie now,  
and I charge you belueve it; whereof I am the hart, and  
you the liuer.

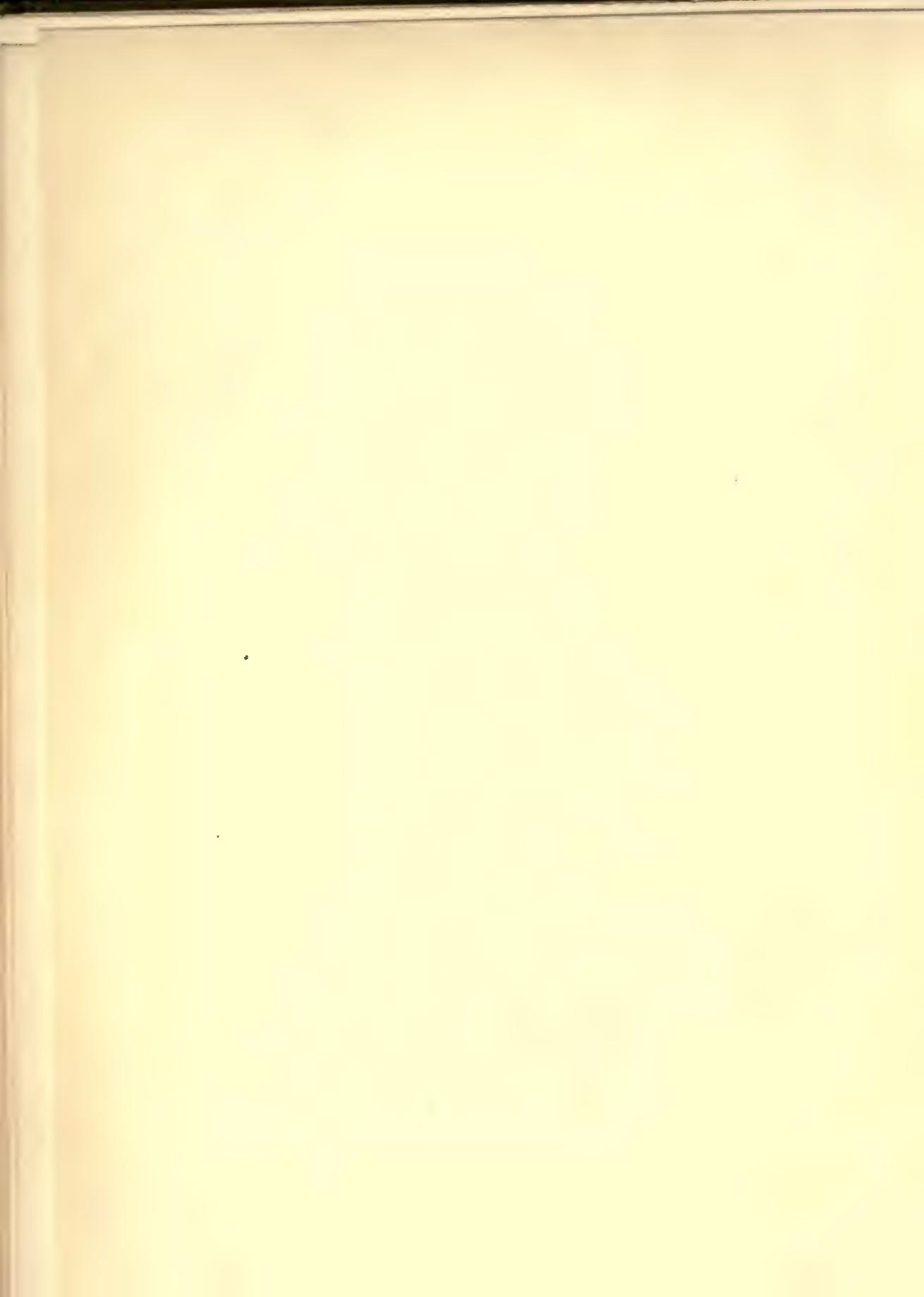
*Cla.* Your Lordship might well make that diuision if  
you knew the plaine song.

*Mom.* O Sir, and why so I pray ?

*Cla.* First because the heart, is the more worthy entraile,  
being the first that is borne, and moues, and the  
last that moues, and dies; and then being the fountaine  
of heate too, for wheresoever our heate does not flowe  
directly from the hart to the other Organs, there, their  
action must of necessitie cease, and so without you I ne-  
ther would nor could liue.

*Mom.*





*Sir Giles Gooscappe.*

*Mom.* VVel Sit for these reasons I may be the heart,  
why may you be the liuer now?

*Cla.* I am more then ashame, to tell you that my  
Lord.

*Mom.* Nay may be not too suspitious of my iudgemēt,  
in you I beseech you;ashain'd friend?if your loue ouer-  
come not that shame,a shame take that loue I saie,  
Come sir why may you be the liuer?

*Cla.* The plaine and short truth is(my Lord)because  
I am all liuer, and tournd louer.

*Mom.* Louer?

*Cla.* Louer yfaith my Lord.

*Mom.* Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for  
joy why thou wilt not now revue the sociable mirth  
of thy sweete disposition?wilt thou shine in the world a  
new?and make those that haue slighted thy loue, with  
the Austerite of thy knowledge, doate on the againe  
with thy commaunding shaft of their humors?

*Cla.* A las my Lord they are all farre out of my aime;  
and onely to fit my selfe a little better to your friend-  
shippe,haue I givuen these wilfull raygnes to my affec-  
tions.

*Mom.* And yfaith is my fower friend to all worldlie  
desires ouertaken with the hart of the world? Loue I  
shall be monstrous proud now, to heare shees euerie  
way a most rare woman that I know thy self, & iudges-  
ment hath chosen, is she wise?is she nobl? is she capa-  
ble of thy vertues?will she kisse this forehead with iudi-  
ciall lipps?where somuch iudgement & vertue deserues  
it?Come brother Twinn,be shott I charge you,& name  
me the woman.

*Cla.* Since your Lordship will shorten the length of  
my follies relation, the woman that I so passionate lie  
loue, is no worse Ladie then your owne Neece, the too  
worthie Countesse Eugenia.

*Mom.* VVhy so,so,so, you are a worthie friend are  
you not to conceale this loue-mine in your head, and

C would

•*Sir Giles Gooscappe.*•

would not open it to your hart, now beshow my hart, if  
my hart dance not for ioy tho my heeles do not, & they  
doe not, because I will not set that at my heeles that my  
frends sets at his hart, what friend and Nephews bothe  
nephew is a far inferior title to friend I confess, but I wil  
preferre them backwards (as many friends doe) & leue  
their friends worse then they found them,

*Cla.* But my noble Lo. it is almost a prodegie, that  
I being onslie a poore Gentleman and fasse short of  
that state and wealth that a Ladie of her greatnessse in  
both will expect in her husband.

*Mom.* Hold thy doubt friend, neuer scare any  
woman, vnlesse thy selfe be made of strawe, or some  
such drie matter, and she of lightning, *Audacie* pros-  
pers aboue probabilitie in all worlde matters, dost  
not thou knowe that Fortune gouernes them without  
order, and therefore reason the mother of order is none  
of her counsaile, why shold a man desiring to aspire  
an vreasonable creature which is a woman? seeke her  
fruition by reasonable meanes, because thy selfe buildes  
vpon reason, wylt thou looke for congruicie in a wo-  
man? why? there is not one woman amongst one thou-  
sand, but will speake false Latine, and breake *Priſcians*  
head, attempt nothing that you may with great reason  
doubt of, and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing,  
I tell thee fr. id the eminent confidence of strong  
spirits is the onely wicke-craft of this world, Spirits  
wrestling with spirits, as bodies? with bodies this were  
enough to make thee hope well, if she were one of these  
painted communities, that are rauisht with Coaches,  
and vpper hands, and braue men of durt: but thou  
knowest friendshes a good scholler, and like enough  
to biteat the rightest reason, and reason euermore.  
*Ad optimam hortetur:* to like that which is best, not  
that which is brauest, or richest, or greatest,  
and so consequently worst, But proue what she  
can, we will turne her, and winde her, and  
mak.





*Sir Gyles Goffe cappe.*

make her so pliant that we will drawe her through a wedding ring yfaith.

*Cla.* Would to god we might my Lord,

*Mom.* Ile warrant thee friend.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* here is mistris Winnifred; from my Lady *Eugenia* desires to speake with your Lordshippe.

*Mom.* Marrie enter mistris Winnifred even here I pray thee, from the Ladie *Eugenia*, doe you heare friend?

*Cla.* Very easilie on that side my Lord.

*Mom.* Let me seele? does not thy heart pant apace, by my hart well labor'd *Cupid*, the field is yours sir God, and vpon a verie honourable composition, I am sent for now I am sure, and must even trusse, and to her;

*Enter Winnifred.*

wittie mistris Winnifred, nay come neere woman. I am sure this Gentleman thinkes his chamber the sweeter for your sweet presence.

*Win.* My absence shall thanke him my Lord.

*Mom.* VVhat rude Mistris Winnifred? nay faith you shall come to him, and kisse him, for his kiudenesse.

*Win.* Nay good my Lord, Ile never goe to the market, for that ware I can haue it brought hōe to my dore.

*Mom.* O Winnifred, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

*Win.* So you may my Lord, but I knowe fewe Lords that thinke scorne to go to that market the selues.

*Mom.* To goe to it Winnifred, nay to ride to it, yfaith.

*Win.* Thats more then I knowe my Lord.

*Mom.* Youle not belieue it then tili you are a horse-backe, will ye?

(heare it?)

*Win.* Come, come, I am sent of a message to you wil you

*Mom.* Stoppe, stoppe faire Winnifred, would you haue audience so soone, there were no state in that yfaith; this faire gentlewoman sir.

*Win.* Now we shall haue a fistion, I beleue.

*Mom.* Had three Suiters at once.

*Sir Gylys Goufscappe.*

*Wm.* Youle leaue out none my Lord.

*Mom.* No more did you *Wm*ifred you enterfeude  
with them all in truth,

*Wm.* O Monstrous Lord by this light!

*Mom.* Now Sir to make my tale short I will doe that  
which she did not; v<sup>e</sup>z. leaue out the two first, the third  
comming the third night for his turne.

*Wm.* My Lord, my Lord, my Ladie does that, that  
no bodie else does, desires your companie and so fare  
you well.

*Mom.* O stay a little sweet *Wm*ifred, helpe me but to  
trou'e my pointes againe, and haue with you.

*Wm.* Not I by my truth my Lord, I had rather see  
your hole about your heeles, then I would help you to  
trou'e a point.

*Mom.* O wittie *Wm*ifred for that Iest, take thy pa-  
port, and tell thy Ladie thou leftest me with my hose  
about my heeles.

*Wm.* Well, well my Lord you shall sit till the mosse  
grow a bout your heeles, ere I come at you againe. *exit.*

*Mom.* She cannot abide to heare of her three Sui-  
ters; but is not this verie fit my sweete Clarence? Thou  
seest my rare Neece cannot sleep without me; but for thy  
company sake, she shall to night; and in the morning  
I will visit her earely; when doe thou but stand in that  
place, and the maiest chance heare, (but art sure to see)  
in what subtlety and farre-fetcheht manner he solicite her  
about thee.

*Cla.* Thanks worthie Lord.

*Finis.* *Actus Primus*

*extremis.*

**ACTVS SECUNDI SÆNA PRIMA**

*Clarence Solus.*

*Cla.* I That haue studid with world-skoring thoughts  
the waie of heauen, and how few haauen is reache-

*To*





*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

To know how mightie, and how many are  
The strange affections of inchaunted number  
How to distinguishe all the motions  
Of the Celestiall bodies, and what powre  
doth seperate in such forme this massie Rownd:  
VVhat is his Essence, Efficacies, Beames?  
Footesteps, and Shadowes? what Eternesles is  
The world, and Time, and Generation?  
VVhat Soule, the worldes Soule is? what the blacke  
And vnreueald Originall of Things, (Springes  
VVhat their perseuerance? what is life and death,  
And what our Certaine Restauration?  
Am with the staid-heads of this Time imployd  
To watch withall my Nerues a Female shade.

*Enter Wynnefred, Anabell, with their sowing workes  
and sing: After their song Enter  
Lord Momford.*

*Mom.* VVitty Mistresse Wynnefred, where is your  
Counesse I pray?

*Wyn.* Faith your Lordship is bould enough to leuke  
her out, if she were at her vrinall?

*Mom.* Then Sh'as done it seemes, for here she comes  
to sauue mee that labour, away wenches, get you hence  
*Exeun*

*Eu.* VVhat, can you not abide my maides vr?

*Mom.* I neuer good abide a maid in my life Neece, but  
either I draw away the maid, or the maidenhead with a  
wet finger.

*Eu.* You loue to make your selfe worse then you are stil.

*Mom.* I know fewe mend in this world, Madam, For  
the worse the better thought on, the better the worse  
spoken on euer amongst women.

*Eu.* I wonder where you haue binne all this while with  
your sentences.

*Mom.* Faith where I must be again presently. I can-  
not stay long with you my deere Neece,

*Eu.* By

*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

*Eu.* By my faith but you shall my Lorde, Gods pittie what wil become of you shortly, that you driue maidis afore you, & offer to leane widowes behind you, as mankindelie, as if you had taken a surfe of our Sex lately, and our very sight turnd your stomacke.

*Mom.* Gods my life, She abuses her best vnkle; neuer trust mee if it were not a good reuenge to helpe her to the losse of her widowhead.

*Eu.* That were a reuenge and a halfe, indeed.

*Mom.* Nay twere but a whole reuenge Neece; but such a feuenge as woulde more then obserue the true rule of a reuenge.

*Eu.* I know your rule before you utter it, *Vlciſcere Inimicoſed ſine tao inconmodo.*

*Mom.* O rare Neece, you may fee, what tis to bee a ſcholler now, Learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or Luster in Diamants, which in no other Stone is ſo rich or refulgent

*Eng.* But say deere Vnkle how could you finde in your heart to stay ſo long from me?

*Mom.* VVhy alas Neece, y'are ſo ſmeard with this willfull-widdowes-three-yeeres blacke weede, that I neuer come to you, but I dreame of Courfes, and Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therfore dew deere Neece.

*Eng.* Besrew my hearte my Lorde, if you goe theis three hoires.

*Mom.* Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three hours (alone in her chamber) with any Lady ſo neere alideto me, I am verie idle iafith, marie with ſuch an other; I woulde daunce, one, two, three, four, and five, tho it cost me tenne ſhillings; and now I am in, haue at it, my head muſt deuife ſomething while my feete are pidling thus, that may bring her to ſome fit conſideration of my friend, who indeed is only a great ſcholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his mind.

*Eng.* Come, Come, pray tell me vnkle, how does my colen





Sir Gyles Geosecappe.

cosen Monsford?

Mom. VVhy, well, verie well Neece, & so is my friend Clarence well too, & then is there a worthie gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye.

*He daunceib  
speaking*

Eug. But when did you see my Cosen?

Mom. And tis pittie but he shold do well, and he shall do well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

Eug. VVhat meanes kee by this tro: your Lo: is verie dancitue me thinkes.

Mom. I, and I could tel you a thing would make your Ladiship verie dancitue, or else it were verie dunsatue yfaith, O how the skipping of this Christmas blocke of ours moues the blockhed heart of a womā? & indeed any thing that pleaseth the foolish eye which presently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the mind.

Eug. But I pray tell me my Lord could you tell me of a thing would make me dance say you?

Mom. VVel, farewell sweet Neece I must needs take my leave in earnest.

Eug. Lord blesse vs, heres such a stir with yout farewels,

Mom. I wil see you againe within these two or three dayes a my word Neece.

Eug. Gods pretious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a marauilous strange humor, Sit downe sweet Vnkle, yfaith I haue to take with you about greate matters.

Mom. Say then deere Neece, bee shorte, vry your mind quickly now;

Eug. But I pray tell me first, whats that would make me daunce yfaith?

Mom. Daunce, what daunce? hetherto your dauncers legges bow for-sooth, and Caper, and Jerke, and Firke, and dandle the bodie aboue them, as it were their great childe; though the speciall lerker bee aboue this place I hope, here lies that shudd fech a perfect woman ouer the Coles yfaith.

Eug. Nay good Vnkle say whats the thing you could

*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

could tel me of.

*Mom.* No matter, no matter : but let mee see a passing prosperous forehead of an exceeding happie distāce betwixt the eye browes; a cleere lightning eye; a temperate and freshe bloud in both the cheeke; excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

*Eug.* VVhy, how now Vnkle did you neuer see mee before?

*Mom.* Yes Neece; but the state of these thinges at this instant must bee specially obserued, and these outwarde signes being now in this cleere elevation, showe your vntroubled mind is in an excellent power, to prefferre them to act forth then a litle deere Neece.

*Eug.* This is excellent.

*Mom.* The Creses here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptnes of it to sticke out good. And the wart aboue it most exceeding good. Neuer trust me, if all things bee not answerable to the predictiō of a molt diuine fortune towards her; now if shee haue the grace to apprehend it in the nicke; thers all.

*Eug.* VVell my Lorde, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discouerie, you may much pleasure mee, and whole concealement may hurt my estate. And if you bee no kinder then to see mee so indangered; ile bee very patient of it I assure you.

*Mom.* Nay then it must instantly foorth. This kind coniuration euē fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your Judgment togeather, for here it comes. Neece, Clarence Clarence, rather my Soule then my friēd Clarence of too substantiall aworth, to haue any figures cast about him, s notwithstanding, no other woman with Empires could stirre his affections)is with your vertues molt extreamely in loue; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame shall sound this golden disticke through the world of you both.

*Vir.*





Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

*Non illo melior quisquam nec amantior equus  
Vir fuit, aut illa resurexier villa Dearum.*

*Eug.* Ay me poore Dame, O you amaste me Vnkle,  
Is this the wondrous fortune you prefage ?  
VVhat man may miserable women trust ?

*Mom.* O peace good Ladie, I come not to rauishe  
you to any thir g. But now I see how you accept my mo-  
tion : I perceiue (how vpon true triall) you esteeme me.  
Haue I ridd al this Circuite to leuie the powers of your  
Judgment, that I might not prooue their strength too  
sodainly with so violent a charge : And doe they fight it  
out in white blood. And shewe me their hearts in the  
soft Christall of teares

*Eug.* O vnable you haue wounded your selfe in charg-  
ing me that I shoulde shun Iudgement as a monstre, if it  
woulde not weepe; I place the poore felicitie of this  
worlde in a woorthie friende, and to see him so vnwor-  
thely reuolted, I shedd not the teares of my Brayne, but  
the teares of my soule. And if euer nature made teares  
the effects of any worthie cause, I am sure I now shedde  
them worthelie.

*Mom.* Her sensuall powers are vp yfaith, I haue thrust  
her soule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes va-*  
*cans* when her subiects are priuedged to l'uell against  
her, and her friends. But weeps my kind Neece for the  
wounds of my friendshipp ? and I toucht in friendship  
for wishing my friende doubled in her singular happi-  
nesse ?

*Eug.* How am I doubl'd ? when my honour, and good  
name, two essentiaall parts of mee, woulde bee lesse, and  
lost?

*Mom.* In whose Judgment ?

*Eug.* In the judgment of the world.

*Mom.* Which is a fooles bout. *Nihil a virtute nec a*  
*viritate remotius quam Vulgaris opinio :* But my deare Neece,

*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

It is most true that your honour and good name tenu-  
dred as they are the species of truth are worthilie two  
essentiall parts of you; But as they consist only in ayrie  
titles and corruptible blood (whose bitternes *sanitas*  
*et non nobilitas officia*) and care not how many base and  
execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more  
then they touch eternitie. And yet shal no nobilitie you  
hauie in either, be impaired neither.

*Ew.* Not to marrie a poore gentleman?

*Mom.* Respet him not so, for as he is a gentleman  
he is noble; as he is welthilie furnished with true know-  
ledge, he is rich and therein adorn'd with the ex-  
aect complements belonging to euerlastinge noblenesse

*Eng.* Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke; Such  
kinde of noblenesse giues no cotes of honour nor  
can scarce gette a cote for necessarie

*Mom.* Then is it not substantiall knowledge (as it is  
in him) but verball and fantasticall for *Omnia in illa illa  
complexus tener.*

*Eng.* VVhy seekes he me then?

*Mom.* To make you ioynt partners with him in all  
thinges, and there is but a little partiall difference be-  
twixt you, that hinders that vniuersall ioynture: The  
bignesse of this circle held too neer our eye keepes it frō  
the whole heare of the Sunne; but could we sustaine  
it indifferently betwixt vs and it, it wold then without  
checke of e heare appere in his fulnes.

*Eng.* Good Vnkle be content for now, I shall I ne-  
uer drame of contentment.

*Mom.* I haue more then done Ladie, and had rather  
haue suffer'd an alteration of my being then of your  
Judgement; but (deere neece) for your owne honour  
sake repaire it instantly.

*Enter Hippolita, Penelope, Jack, Will.*

See heere comes the Ladies; make an A-  
grill day one deare loue and be sodainely cheere-  
full





*Sir Giles Godscappe.*

full God sauе you more then faire Ladies, I am lad  
your come, for my busines will haue me gone gre-  
fently.

*Hip.* VVhy my Lord Momford I say? wil you goe be-  
fore dinner?

*Mom.* No remedie sweete Bewties, for which rude-  
nesse I lay my hands thus lowe for your pardons:

*Ten.* O Courteous Lord Momford!

*Mom.* Neece?                    *Mens estque sola quietus.*  
*Sola facit claros mentemque honoribus ornat.*      *exit*

*Eng.* Verus honor Iunat at mendax: infamia terret.

*Mom.* Mine owne deare nephew?

*Cla.* VVhat successe my Lord?

*Mom.* Excellent; excellent; come Ile tell thee  
all.      *excuse*

*Hip.* Doe you heare madam, how our youthes here  
haue guld our three suitors?

*Eng.* not I Ladie, I hope our suitors are no fit meat  
for our Pages.

*Po.* No madam, but they are fit sawce for anie  
mans meat Ile warrant them.

*Eng.* VVhat's the matter Hippolita?

*Hip.* They haue sent the knightes to Barnet madam  
this frostie morning to meeete vs their.

*Eng.* I st true youths, are knights fit subiects. of your  
knaueries?

*Wil.* Pray pardon vs madam, we would be glad to  
please anie body.

*Ia.* I indeed madam and we were sure we pleasd the  
highly to tell the you were desirous of their companie.

*Hip.* O twas good Eugenia, their liuers were too hot,  
you know, and for temper sake they must needes haue  
a cooling carde plaid vpon them.

*Wil.* And besides madam we wood haue them knowe  
that your two little Pages, which are lesse by halfe

then

*Sir Gyles Gooseuppe.*

then two leaues, haue more learning in them then is in  
all their three volumes.

*Ia.* I faith *Will*, and putt their great pagicall index to  
them too.

*Hip.* But how will ye excuse your abuses wags?

*Will.* We doubt not madam, but if it please your La-  
dieship to put vp their abuses,

*Ia.* Trusting they are not so deere to you, but you  
may.

*Will.* Wee shall make them gladly furnishe their poc-  
kets with them.

*Hip.* VVell, children, and foules, agree as you will,  
and let the world knowe now, women haue nothing to  
doe with you.

*Pe.* Come madam I thinke your dinner bee almost  
readie,

*Enter Tales Kingcob.*

*Hip.* And see, here are two honorable guestes for you,  
the Lord *Tales*, and Sir *Cutberd Kingcob*.

*Ta.* Lacke you any guests madam?

*Eu.* I my Lord such guests as you.

*Hip.* Theres as common an answere, as yours was a  
question my Lord.

*King.* VVhy: al things shood be cōmon betwixt Lords,  
and Ladies you know.

*Pen.* Indeed Sir *Cutberd Kingcob*, I haue heard, you  
are either of the familie of *Loue*, or of no religion at all.

*Eng.* See may well be said to be of the family of *Loue*,  
he does so lowe in the loues of poore ouerthrowne La-  
dies.

*King.* You speake of that I wood doe madam, but in  
earnest, I am now suing for a newe mistres; looke in my  
hand sweet Ladi, and tell mee what fortune I shall haue  
with her.

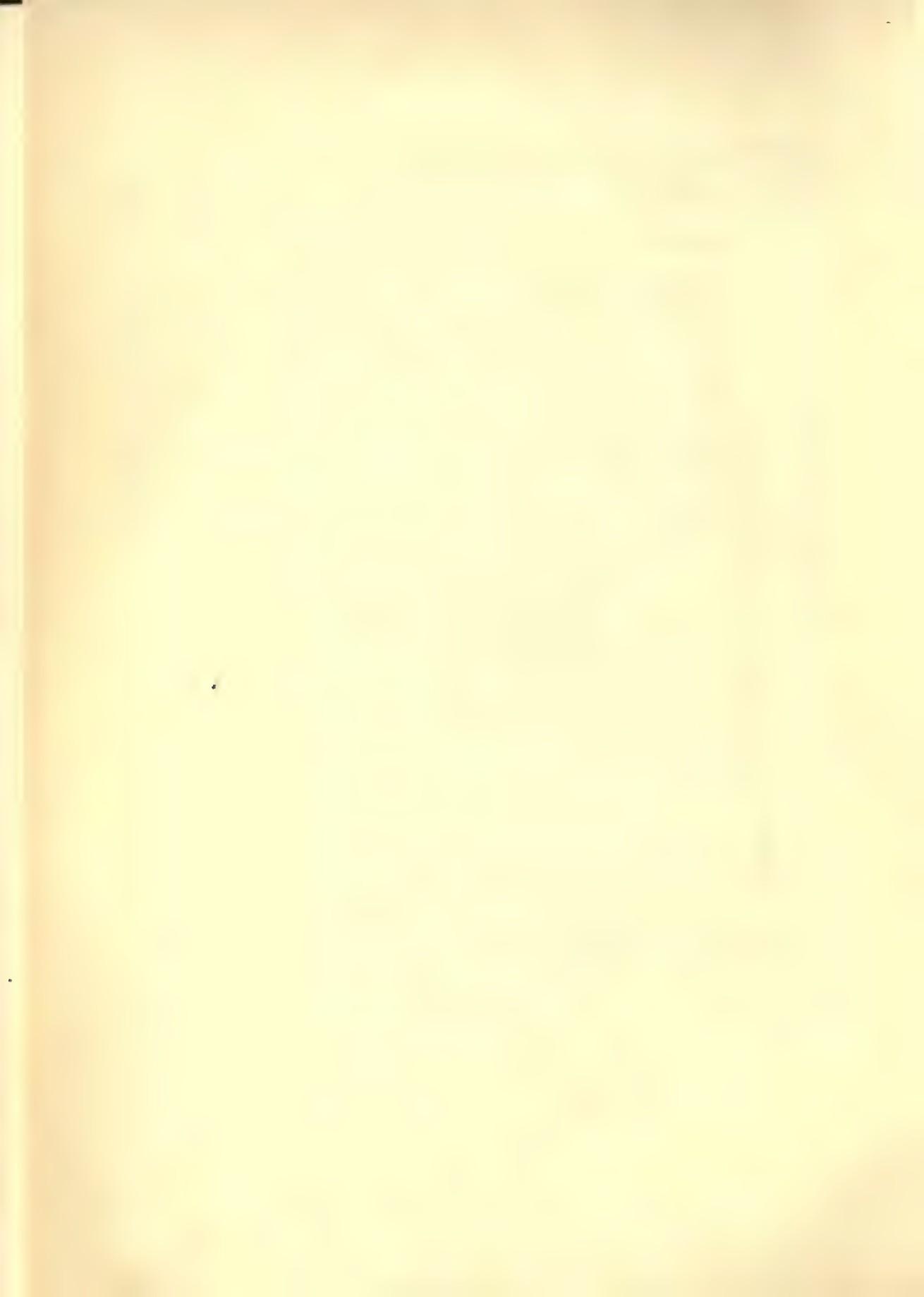
*Eng.* Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd*?

*King.* Pardon mee Madam, but I know you to bee  
learnd in all thinges.

*Eng.* Come on lets see..

*Hip, He*





*Hip.* He does you a speciall favour Ladie, to give you his open hand, for tis commonly shut they say.

*King.* VVhat find you in it madam?

*Eug.* Shut it now, and I'll tell yee.

*King.* VVhat now Ladi?

*Eug.* Y'au the worst hand that euer I saw knight haue, when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis shurt one can get nothing out out.

*King.* The age of letting goe is past madam, wee must not now let goe, but strike vp mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

*Eug.* A good Cornish principle belieue it Sir Cuttberd.

*Tales* But I pray tell me Ladie *Penelope*, how entertaine you the loue of my Cosen Sir *Gyles Gooscappe*.

*Pene.* Are the *Gooscapps* akin to you my Lord?

*Ta.* Euen in the first degree madam. And Sir *Gyles* I can tell ye, tho he seeme something simple, is composd of as many good parts as any knight in England.

*Hsp.* He shood be put vp for concealement then, for he shewes none of them!

*Pen.* Are you able to reckon his good parts my Lord?

*Ta.* He doe the best I can Ladie, first, hee daunces as comely and lightly as any man, for vpon my honour, I haue seene him daunce vpon Egges, and a has not broken them.

*Pen.* Nor crackt them neither.

*Ta.* That I know not, indeed I wood bee 'oath, to lie though he be my kinsman, to speake mor en I know by him.

*Eug.* VWell forth my Lord.

*Ta.* He has an excelēt skil in al maner of perfumes, & if you bring him gloves frō fortie pence, to forty Shillings a paire he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

*Hip.* A prettie sweet qualitie belieue me.

*Tales* Nay Ladie hee will perfume you gloves him selfe, most delicately, and giue them the right Spanish Titillation.

*Pene.* Titillation

Titillation whats that my Lord?

Tal. VVhy Ladie tis a pretty kinde of terme newe  
come vp in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

Hip. Very well expounded my Lord; forth with your  
kinsmans parts I pray.

Tal. Hee is the best Sempster of any woman in Eng-  
land, and will worke you needle worke edgings, and  
French purles from an Angell to fourre Angells  
yearde.

Eng. Thats pretious ware indeed.

Tal. He will worke you any flower to the life, as like  
it as if it grewe in the verie place, and being a delicate  
perfumer, hee will giue it you his perfect and naturall  
savor.

Hip. This is wonderful, forth sweet Lord Tales.

Tal. He will make you flyes and wormes, of all sortes  
most liuely, and is now working a whole bed embro-  
dred, with nothing but glowe wormes; whose lightes  
has so perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the  
chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a  
Candie.

Pens. Neuer trust me if it be not incredible; forth my  
good Lord.

Tal. Hee is a most excellent Turner, and will turne  
you wassel bowles, and posset Cuppes caru'd with Lib-  
berdes faces, and Lyons heades with spoutes in their  
mouthes, to let out the posset Ale, most artificially.

Eng. Forth good Lord Tales.

Pens. Nay good my Lord no more, you haue spoken  
for him thoroughly I warrant you.

Hip. I lay my life Cupid has shot my sister in loue with  
him out of your lippes my Lord.

Eng. VVel, come in my Lords, and take a bad dinner  
with me now, and wee will all goe with you at night to  
a better supper with the Lord, and Ladie Furnifall.

King. Take, VVc attend you honorable Ladies.

Exeunt.

ACTVS





*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

*Enter Rudesby Goofecappe.*

*Rud.* Bullaker.

*Bul.* I Sir.

*Rud.* Ride and catch the Captaines horse.

*Bul.* So I doe Sir.

*Rud.* I wonder Sir *Gyles* you wood let him goesoe,  
and not ride after him.

*Goof.* VVood I might never be mortall Sir *Catt*: if  
I ridd not after him, till my horse sweat so that he had  
nere a drie thread on him, & hollod & hollod to him to  
stay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood haue  
gon off with hollowings; Ile be sworne to ye & yet he ran  
his way like a *Diogenes*, and would never stay for vs.

*Rud.* How shall wee doe to get the lame Captaine to  
London, now his horse is gone?

*Goof.* Why hee is but a lame Iade neither Sir *Moyle*,  
we shal soone our take him I warrant ye.

*Rud.* And yet thou saist thou gallopst after him as  
fast as thou coodst, and coodst not Catch him; I lay  
my life some *Crabfishe* has bitten thee by the tongue,  
thou speakest so backward still.

*Goof.* But heres all the doubt Sir *Catt*: nobo-  
die shouold catch him now, when hee comes at London,  
some boy or other wood get vppe on him and ride  
him hotte into the water to washe him; Ile bee  
sworne I followed one that ridd my horse into the  
Thames, till I was vppe tooth knees hetherto; and  
if it had not beene for feare of going ouer shooes,  
because I am troubled with the rheume, I wood  
haue taught him to washe my horse when hee was  
hott yfath:

*Enter Foul.*  
how now sweet Captain dost feele any easie in thy payne  
yet?

Eaf

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Rnd. Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he seele easie in paine I think; but wood any asse in the world ride downe such a hill as Highgate is, in such a frost as this, and never light

Fou. Gods pretious Sir Cut, your Frenchman never lights I tellye.

Goof. Light Sir Cut, Slight and I had my horse again, theres nere a paltrie English frost an them all stood make me light,

Rnd. Got too you French Zanies you, you wil follow the french steps so long, till you be not able to set one Sound Steppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

Goof. Why Sir Cut: I care not if I be not sound so I be well, but we were iustly plaugde by this hill, for folowing women thus.

Fou. I and English women too sir Gyles.

Rnd. Thou art still prating against English women I haue seene none of the French dames I confesse, but your greatest gallants, for men in Fraunce, were here lately I am sure, and methinkes there shold be no more difference betwixt our Ladies and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lordes and theirs, and our Lordes are as farr beyond them yfaith, for person, and Courtshippe, as they are beyond ours for phantasticallitie.

Fou. O Lord sir Cut, I am sure our Ladies hold our Lordes tack for Courtshippe, and yet the French Lords put them dor ne, you noted it sir Gyles.

Goof. O God sir, I stid and heard it, as I sat ith presence.

Rnd. How did they put them downe I pray thee?

Fou. Why for wit, and for Court-shippe Sir Moile.

Fou. As how good lefthandedd Francois.

Fou. VVhy Sir when Monsieur Lambois came to your mistris the Ladie Hippolita as she sate in the presence, sitt downe here good Sir Gyles Gooscappe, hee kneeld meby her thus Sir, and with a most queint French starte in his speech of ah bellissime, I desire to die now saies hee for your





Sir Gyles Goofecappe.

In his speech of ah bellissime I desire to die now saies he  
for your loue that I might be buried here,

Rud. A good pick-thacht complement by my faith;  
but I prethee what answer'd she.

Foul. She, I scorne to note that I hope then did he  
vie it againe with an other hah.

Rud. That was hah, hah, I wood haue put the third  
hah to it, if I had been as my misbris, and hah, hah, haht  
him out of the presence yfaith,

Foul. Hah saies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a  
million they were in Fraunce, they wood renewe all our  
cruill-wars againe.

Goof. That was not so good me thinkes capraine.

Rud. Welliudgd yfaith, there was a little wit in that  
I must cōfesse, but she put him down far, & aūswered him  
with aquestiō & that was whether he wood seem a louer  
or a ie ster, if a louer a must tel her far more lykelier  
then those, or else she was far frō belieuing thē, if alester,  
she cood haue much more ridiculous iests then his of  
twenty fooles that followed the court, and told him she  
had as lieus be eourted with a brush faggot as with a  
frēchman, that spēt it selte al in sparks, & would sooner  
fire ones chimney then warme the house, and that such  
sparkes were good enough yet to set thatcht dispositiōs  
a fire, but hers was tild with sleight, and resp ded thē  
as sleightly.

Goof. VVhy so Captaine, and yet you rāi... of your  
great frenchmen, to God little England had never  
knowne them I may say.

Foul. VVhat's the matter sir Gilss, are you out of  
loue with frenchmen now of a sodaine.

Goof. Slydd capraine VVood not make one,  
Ile be sworne, Ile be sworne, they tooke away  
a mastie dogge of mine by commision now, I  
thinke on't makes my teares stand in my eyes  
with greefe, I had rather lost the dearest friend  
that euer I lay withal, in my life be this light, never stir if

Sir Gyles Goofesappe.

If hee fought not with great Sekeson four hours to one,  
ore molteake vp hindmote, and tooke so many loaves  
from him, that hee sterud him presently: So at last the  
dogg cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe, and the  
beare being heauie with hunger you know, fell vpon  
the dogge, broke his backe, and the dogge neuer stird  
more.

R. *sd.* VVhy thou saist the frenchmen tooke him away.

Gooſ. Frenchmen, I, so they did too, but yet and hee  
had not bin kild, twood ner a greeud me.

Foul. O excellent vnitie of speach.

Enter Will and Jacke at severall doores.

Will Saue ye knyghts.

Ia. Saue you Captaine.

Foul. Pages, welcome my fine pages.

Rond. Welcome boyes.

Gooſ. VVelcome sweet Will, good Jacke.

Foul. But how chaunce you are so farre from London  
now pages, is it not almost dinner time.

Will Yes indeed Sir, but we left our fellowes to wait for  
once, and cood not chuse in pure loue to your worships,  
but we must needs come and meet you, before you mett  
our Ladies, to tell you a secret.

Ommes A secret, what secret I pray thee?

Ia. If euer your worships say any thing, weare vndone  
for euer

Ommes Not for a world beleue it.

Will VVhy then this it is; wee overheard our Ladies  
as they were talking in priuate say they refusde to meet  
you at Barnet this morning of purpose, becasne they  
wood try which of you were most patient.

Ia. And some said you, Sir Gyles, another you Sir  
and the third you Captaine.

Ommes This was excellent.

Will Then did they sware one another not to excuse  
themselues to you by any meanes, that they might tri  
you the better, now if they shal see you say nothing in the  
world.





*Sir Gyles Gosecappe.*

worlde to them, what may come of it, when Ladieſ begin to trie their ſuters once, I hope your wiſedomeſ can judge a little.

Foul. O ho my little knauſ let vs alone now yfaith, wood I might be Casneird, if I ſay any thing.

Rud. Faith and I can forbear my Tongue as well as another I hope.

Goſ. VVood I might be degraded if I ſpeake a word, Ile tell them I care not for looſing my labour.

Foul. Come knightſ shall we not reward the pages?

Rud. Yes I prethee doe, Sir Gyles giue the boyes ſomething.

Goſ. Neuer stirre Sir Cnſt, if I haue euer a groat about me but one three pence.

Foul. VVell knightſ ile lay ouſt forſ all here my fine pages.

Will. No in deed ant please your worſhippe.

Foul. O pages refuſe a gentlemanſ bountie.

Ia. Crie you mercy Sir, thanke you ſweete Captaine

Foul. And what other newes is stirring my fine villia-  
cos.

Will. Marrie Sir they are inuited to a greate ſupper to  
night to your Lordſ house Captaine, the Lord Furniſhall,  
and there will bee your great coſen Sir Gyles Gosecappe,  
the Lorde Tales, and your vncle Sir Cutt. Riſby, Sir  
Gatber Kingcob.

Foul. The Lord Tales, what countriman is hee?

Ia. A kentriſh Lord Sir, his auncetors came forth off  
Canterburie.

Foul. Out of Canterbury.

Will. I indeed Sir the best Tales in England are your  
Caterburie tales, I affirme ye.

Rud. the boy tels thee true Captaine.

Ia. He writes his name Sir Tales, and hee being the  
genth ſonne his father had; his father Christ-  
ned him Decens Tales, and ſo his whole name is the  
Lord

Sir Gyles Goofecappe.

Lord Discouer Tales.

Gos. A my mortallitie the boy knowes more then I doe of our house.

Rnd. But is the Ladie Furnifall (Captaine) still of the same drinking humor she was wont to be.

Foul. Still of the same knight, and is never in any sociable vaine till she be typhie, for in her sobrietie shee is madd, and feares my good little old Lord out of all proportion.

Kmg. And therefore as I hear he will earnestly invite guestes to his house, of purpose to make his wife dronk, and then dores on her humor most prophanelly.

Foul. Tis very true knight; wee will suppe with them to night; and you shall see her; and now I thinke out, ile tell you a thing knightes, wherein perhaps you may exceedingly pleasure me.

Goof. VV hats that good Captain,

Foul. I am desirous to helpe my Lord to a good merrie Foole, & if I cood help him to a good merry one, he might doe me very much credit I assure ye.

Rnd. Sblood thou speakest to vs as if wee coond serue thy turne.

Foul. O Fraunce Sir Cus: your Frenchman wood not haue taken me so for a world, but because Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merrie.

Rnd. As thou doost.

Goof. Nay good Sir Cus: you know fooles doe come into your companies.

Rnd. I and thou knowst it too, no man better.

Foul. Beare with Choller Sir Gyles.

Wll. But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole so faine Sir.

Foul. I my good page exceeding faine.

In. You mean a wench, do you not Sir, a foolish wecht?

Foul. Nay I wood haue a man foole, for his Lord:page.

Wll Does his Lord: love a foole, so wel I pray.

Foul. A flure thy selfe page, my Lord loues afoole as





Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

he loues himselfe.

Ia. Of what degree wood you haue your Foole Sir,  
for you may haue of all maner of degrees.

Foul. Faith I wood haue him a good Emphaticall  
foole, one that wood make my Lorde laugh well, and I  
carde not,

Will Laugh well ( v m ) then wee must know this Sir,  
is your Lorde Costiue of laughter, or laxatiue of laug-  
ter?

Foul. Nay he is good merrie little Lorde, and indeed  
something Laxatiue of Laughter.

Will. Why then Sir the lesle witt will serue his Lord-  
ships turne, marrie if he had bin Costiue of laughter,  
hee must haue had two or three drams of witt the more  
in his foole, for we must minister according to the qua-  
tity of his Lord: humor you know, and if he shood haue  
as much Witt in his foole being Laxatiue of laughter,  
as if hee were Costiue of Laughter, why he might laugh  
himselfe into an Epilepsie, and fall down dead sodainly, as  
many haue done with the extremitie of that passion; and  
I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a  
foole.

Foul. Thart ith right my notable good page.

Ia. Why, and for that health Sir we will warrant his  
Lordship, that if he should haue all Bacon de sonitate then  
do reade to him, it shood not please his Lordship so well  
as our foole shall.

Foul. Remercy my more then English pages.

Goos. A my word I haue not seene pages haue so much  
witt, that haue neuer bin in Fraunce Captain.

Foul. Tis true indeed Sir Gyles, well then my almost  
french Elixers, will you helpe my Lord to a foole, so fitt  
for him as you say.

Will As fitt, Ile warra you Captain, as if he were made  
for him, and hee shall come this night to supper, and  
foole where his Lord: sits at table.

Foul. Excellent fitt, taile not now my sweet pages.

Ia. Not

*Sir Giles Gospasse.*

*Ia.* Not for a world sir, we will goe both, and seeke  
him presently.

*Foul.* Doe so my good wagges

*Wd.* Saue you knights.

*Ia.* Saue you Captaine.

*Exeunt;*

*Foul.* Farewell my prettie knaues, come knights, shall  
we resolute to goe to this Supper?

*Rud.* VVhat else.

*Gos.* And let's prouide torches for our men to sit at  
dore withall captaine.

*Foul.* That we will I warrant you sir *Giles*.

*Rud.* Torchess? why the Moone will shine man.

*Gos.* The moone Sir *Cut*: I scorne the moone yfaith,  
Slydd sometimes a man shal not get her to shine & if he  
wood give her a couple of Capons, and one of them  
must be white too, God for giue me I cud never abide  
her since yesterday, she scrude me such a trick tother  
night.

*Rud.* VVhat trick sir *Gyles*?

*Gos.* VVhy sir *Cut*: cause the daies be mortall and  
short now you knowe, and I loue daie light well; I  
thought it went a waie faster then it needed, and run  
after it into Fin/burie-fields ith calme euening to see  
the windes mils goe; & euen as I was going ouer a ditch  
the moone by this light of purpose runnes me be-  
hind a cloud, and lets me fall into the ditch by hea-  
uen.

*Rud.* That was ill done in her in deed sir *Giles*,

*Gos.* Ill done sir *Cut*: Slydd a man may beare, and  
beare, but and ihe haue noe more good manners, but  
to make every black flouenly cloude a pearle in her eye  
I shall nere loue English moone again:, while I liue  
I leb-sworne to ye.

*Foul.* come knights to London horse, horse, horse.

*Rud.* In what a case he is with the poore English  
moone, because the French moones( their torches ) wil-  
be





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

be the leſſe in fashion, and I warrant you the Captaine will remember it too, tho hee ſay nothing, hee ſeconds his reſolute chafeſo and followes him, Ile lay my life you ſhall ſee them the next cold night, shut the mooneſhine out of their chambers, and make it lie without doores all night. I discredit my witt with their companies now I thinke on't, plague a god on them; Ile fall a beating on them preſently...

*Exit.*

*Enter Lord Monfond and Clarence.*

*Clarence Horatio.*

*Cla.* Sing good *Horatio*, while I ſigh and write,  
According to my master *Platos* minde  
The Soule is muſick, and doth therefore ioy  
In accents muſicall, which he that hates  
VVith points of diſcorde is togeather tyed  
And barks at *Reason*, Conſonant in ſenſe.  
Divine *Eugenia*, beares the ocular forme  
Of muſicke and of *Reason*, and preſents  
The Soule exempt from heſt in heſt inflam'd,  
Who muſt not loue hit then, that loues his Soule?  
To her I write, my friend, the ſtarie of friends  
VVil needs haue my ſtrange lines greet her ſtrange eies  
And for his ſake ile powre my poore Soule forth  
In floods of Irke; but did not his kind haſt  
Barre me with violent grace, I wood conſume,  
In the white flames of her impaſſionate Loue  
Ere my harsh lipps ſhoud vent the odorous blaze,  
For I am deſperate of all worldly loyes  
And there was neuer man so harsh to men;  
VVhen I am fulleſt of digeſted life  
I ſeeme a liueleſſe *Embrion* to all  
Each day racket vp in nightlike Funerall,  
Sing good *Horatio*, whiſt I ſigh and write.

*Canto.*

*The*

Sir Gyles Goosescape.

The Letter.

Suffer him to loue that suffers not louing, my loue  
without passion and therefore free from alteration.

Prose is too harsh, and verse is poetrie  
VVhy shood I write thenemerrit clad in Inke  
Is but a mourner, and as good as naked  
I will not write my friend shall speake for me  
Sing one stau'e more my good Horatio.

Canto.

I must remember I knowe whom I loue,  
Adame of learning, and of life exempt  
From all the Idle fancies of her sex,  
And this that to an other dame wood seeme  
Perplext and Soulded in a rudenesse  
Will be more cleere then ballads to her eye  
Ile write, if but to satisfie my friend.  
Your third stau'e sweet Horatio and no more.

Canto.

How vainely doe I offer my strange loue?  
I marrie, and bid states, and entertaine  
Ladies with tales and iests, and Lords with newes  
And keepe a house to feast Adens hounds  
That eate their maister, and let ydell guests  
Drawe me from serious search of things diuine  
To bid them sit, and welcome, and take care  
To sooth their palats with choyce kyttchin-stuff  
As all must doe that marrie and keepe house  
And then looke on the left sid of my yoake  
Or on the right perhaps and see my wife  
Drawe in a quite repugnant courfe from me  
Busied to starch her french purles, and her puffs  
When I am in my Animarflexa  
*quid se felicitas, qua origo rerum?*  
And make theire beings that are knowne to be  
The onely serious obiects of true men  
Seeme shadowes, with substantiall stir she keepes  
About her shadowes, which if husbands loue

the





*Sir Giles Goofecappe.*

They must belieue, and thus my other selfe  
Brings me another bodie to dispose  
That haue alreadie much too much of one,  
And must not looke for any Soule of her  
To helpe two rule to bodies.

*Mom.* Fie for shame.

I neuer heard of such an antedaine.

Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men?  
VVhy friend they either are mens soules themselues  
Or the most wittie Imitatrixes of them  
Or prettiest sweet apes of humaine Soules,  
That euer Nature fram'd; as I will proue.

For first they be *Substantie lucide*  
And purer then mens bodies like their soules,  
VVhich mens harsh haires both of their brest & chinne  
Occasiond by their grose and ruder heare  
Plainely demonstrates: Then like soules they doe,  
*Mouere corpora*, for no power on earth  
Moues a mans bodie, as a woman does!

Then doe they *Dare formas corpori*  
Or adde faire formes to men, as their soules doe:  
For but for women, who wood care for formes?  
I vowe I neuer wood washe face, nor hands  
Nor care how ragg'd, or flouenlic I went  
VVer't not for women, who of all mens pr mps  
Are the true finall causes: Then they make  
Men in their Seedes imortall like their Soules  
That els wood perish in a spanne of time.  
Oh they be Souelike-Creatures, and my Neece

The Soule of twentie rare Soules stild in one.

*Cla.* That, that it is my Lord, that makes me loue.

*Mom.* Oh are ye come Sir, welcome to my Neece  
As I may say at midnight gentle friend  
What haue you wrott I pray?

*Cla.* Strange stiffe my Lord.

*Mom.* Indeed the way to belieue is to loue  
And the right way to loue is to belieue,

*He reads and  
comments.*

*Sir Giles Gooscappe.*

This I will carry how with pen and Incke,  
For her to v[e]e in answere, see, sweet friend.  
She shall not stay to call, but while the steele  
Of her affection is made softe and hott,  
Ile strike and take occasion by the browe.  
Blest is the wooing thats not long a dooing.

*Exi.*

*Cla.* Had euer man so true, and noble friend?  
Or wood men thinke this sharpe worlds freezing Aire.  
To all true honour and iudiciall Houe,  
VVood suffer such a florishing pyne in both.  
To ouerlooke the boxe-trees of this time?  
VVhen the learnd mind hath by impulsion wrought  
Her eyes cleare fire into a knowing flame.  
No elementall smoke can darken it  
Nor Northen coldnes nyppe her Daphnean flower,  
O sacred friendshippethanks to thy kind power  
That being retir'd from all thefaithles worlde  
Appearest to me in my vnworldly friend,  
And for thine owne sake let his noble mind  
By mouing presedent to all his kind  
(Like iust *Donacion* of earths stonic bones  
Repaire the world with humane blood and flesh  
And dying vertue with new life refresh.

*Exi.*

## A C T V S Q V A R T V S.

*Enter Tales, Kingcob, Engenia, Hippelita, Penelope, Winifred.*

*King.* Its time to leaue your Chests Ladies tis too studious an exercise after dinner.

*Tal.* Why is it cal'd Chests?

*Hip.* Because they leanc vpon their Chests that play at it.

*Tal* I wood haue it cal'd the strife of wittes, for tis a game so wittie, that with strife for maisterie, wee hunt it eagerly.

*Eng.* Specially.





*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

*Eng.* Specially where the wit of the Gooscapps are in chāse  
my Lord.

*Tal.* I am a Gooscappe by the mothers side madam, at  
least my mother was a Gooscappe.

*Pen.* And you were her white sonne, I warrant my  
Lord.

*Tal.* I was the yongest Ladie, and therefore must be  
her white sonne ye know, the youngest of tenne I was.

*Hip.* And the wifest of Fifteene.

*Tal.* And sweet Ladie will ye cast a kindeye now  
vpon my Cosin, Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

*Pen.* Pardon my Lord I haue neuer a spare eye to cast  
away I assure ye.

*Tal.* I wonder you shood Count it cast away Ladie  
vpon him, doe you remember those fewe of his good  
partes I rehearst to you.

*Pen.* Verie perfectly my Lord, amongst which one of  
them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in  
England, pray lets see some of his worke?

*Hip.* Sweet Lord lets see him sowe a little.

*Tal.* You shall a mine honour Ladie.

*Eng.* Hees a goodly greate knight indeed; and a little  
needle in his hand will become him prettelie.

*King.* From the Spanish pike to the Spanish needle, he  
shall play with any knight in England Ladie.

*Eng.* But not *à couerso*, from the Spanish needle to  
the Spanish pike.

*King.* I thinke he be too wise for that indeed madam,  
for he has 20. miles length in land lies togeather, and  
hee wold bee loath to bring it all to the length of a  
pike.

*Hip.* But no man commends my blount Seruant Sir  
*Curt Rude* by methinks.

*King.* Hee is a kind gentleman Ladie though hee  
bee blount, and is of this humor, the more you pre-  
sume vpon him without Ceremonie, the more

*Sir Gyles Gooſecappo.*

he loues you, if he knowe you thinke him kinde once  
and will say nothing but still vſe him, you may melt  
him into any kindenesse you will; he is right like a wo-  
man, and had rather, you shood bluntlie take the  
greatest fauour you can of him, then shameſaſtly intreat  
it.

*Eug.* He ſaies wel to you *Hippolita*.

*Hip.* I madam, but they ſaie, he will beat one in  
Ieft, and byte in kindenesse, and teare ones ruffes in  
Courtſhippe.

*King.* Some that he makes ſport withall perhaſpes,  
but none that he reſpects I affirme.

*Hip.* And what's his liuing ſir *Cutbeard*?

*King.* Some two thouſand a yeare Ladie.

*Hip.* I pray doe not tell him that I ask't, for I ſtand  
not vpon liuing.

*King.* O Good Ladie who can live without liuing?

*Enter Monfond.*

*Mom.* Still heere Lordings? good companions  
yfaith, I ſee you come not for vittles.

*Tal.* Vittles, my Lord, I hope we haue vittles at  
home.

*Mom.* I but ſweet Lord, there is a principle in the  
Polititians phisicke, eat not your meat vpon other  
mens trenchers, & beware of ſurfits of your owne coſte  
manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate  
at home ye know. And how faires my noble Neece  
now, and her faire Ladie Feeres?

*Eug.* VVhat winde blowes you heither troe?

*Mom.* Harke you madam, the ſweete gale of one  
*Clarences* breath, with this his paper ſayle blowes me  
heither.

*Eug.* Ayeme ſil, in that humor bethrowe my  
hart if I take anie Papers from him.

*Mom.* Kinde boſome doe thou take it then.

*Eug.* Nay.





*Sir Giles Gooscappe.*

*Eug.* Nay then never trust me.

*Mom.* Let it fall then, or cast it awaie you were best,  
that euerie bodie may discouer your loue suits, doc;  
theres sombody neare if you note it, and how haue you  
spent the time since dinner nobles?

*King.* At cheste my Lords,

*Mom.* Read it neece.

*Eug.* Heere bearre it backe I pray.

*Mom.* I bearre you on my backe to heare you; and how  
play the Ladies sir Cuthbert, what men doc they play best  
withall, with knights or rookes?

*Tal.* With knights my Lord.

*Mom.* Tis pitty their boord is no broader, and that  
some men caled guls are not added to their game

*King.* Why my Lo. it needs not, they make the knights  
guls.

*Mom.* Thats pretty sir Cuthbert; you haue begon I  
know Neece, forth I commaund you.

*Eug.* O yare a sweete vncle.

*Mom.* I haue brought her a little Greeke, to helpe  
me out withal, and shees so coy of her learning for sooth  
she makes it strange: Lords, and Ladies, I invite you al  
to supper to night, and you shal not denie me.

*Att.* VVe will attend your Lordshippe.

*Tal.* Come Ladies let's into the gallerie a little.

*Mom.* And now what saies mine owne deare neece  
yfaith?

*Eug.* VVhat shood she faire to the backside of a pa-  
per.

*Mom.* Come, come, I knowe you haue byn a'the bel-  
lie side.

*Eug.* Now was there euer Lord so prodigall, of his  
owne honor'd blood, and dignity?

*Mom.* Away with these sainchorse faire alligations,  
will you answere the letter?

*Eug.* Gods my litle you goe like a cuning spokes man,  
man

*Sir Gyles Goosescape.*

man, answere vncle? what doe ye thinke me desperate  
of a husband

*Mom.* Not so neece, but carelesse of your poore vncle.

*Eug.* I will not write that's certaine.

*Mom.* VVhat wil you haue my friend and I perrish,  
doe you thirst our bloods?

*Eug.* O yare in a mightie danger noe doubt  
on't.

*Mom.* If you haue our bloods beware our ghostes I  
can tell ye, come will ye write?

*Eug.* I will not write yfaith.

*Mom.* yfaith dame, then I must be your secretarie I  
see, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate and I'll  
write,

*Eug.* If you write no otherwise then I  
dictate, it will scarce prout a kinde answere I be-  
lieue.

*Mom.* But you will be aduis'de I trust. Secretaries  
are of counsaile with their countesses, thus it begins.  
Suffer him to loue, that suffers not louing, what answere  
you to that?

*Eug.* He loues extreamely that suffers not in loue.

*Mom.* He answeres you for that presentlie, his loue  
is without passion, and therefore free from alteration,  
for Par. you know is in Alterationem labi, he loues you  
in his soule he tells you, wherein there is no passion, saic  
dame what answere you.

*Eug.* Nay if I answere anke thing.

*Mom.* VVhy? verie well, I leanswre for you.

*Eug.* You answere? shall I set my hand to your an-  
swere?

*Mom.* I by my faith shall ye.

*Eug.* By my faith, but you shal answere as I wood haue  
you then.

*Mom.* Alwaies put in with aduise of your secretarie,  
neece, come, what answere you?

*Eug.* Since





*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

*Eug.* Since you needes will haue my Answere, Ile  
Answere briefly to the first, and last part of his letter.

*Mom.* Doe so Neece, and leauue the midst for him-  
selfe a gods name, what is your answere?

*Eug.* I cannot but suffer you to loue, if you do loue.

*Mom.* Why very good, there it is, and will requite  
your loue; say you so?

*Eug.* Beshowre my lipps then my Lord.

*Mom.* Beshowre my fingers but you shall; what, you  
may promise to requite his loue, and yet not promise  
him marriage I hope; wel, and will requite your loue.

*Eug.* Nay good my Lord hold your hand, for ile bee  
sworne, ile not set my hand too't.

*Mom.* VVell hold of your hand good madam till it  
shood come on, Ile be readie for it anon, I warrant ye:  
now forth; my Loue is without passion, and therefore  
free from alteration, what answere you to that madam?

*Eug.* Euen this my Lorde, your Loue being mentall,  
needes no bodey Requitall.

*Mom.* I am Content with that, and here it is; but in  
hart.

*Eug.* VVhat but in hart?

*Mom.* Hold of your hand yet I say, I doe embrasse  
and repaire it.

*Eug.* You may write vncle, but if you get my hand  
to it,

*Mom.* Alas Neece this is nothing, ist any thing to a  
bodey marriage, to say you loue a man in Soule if  
your harts agree and your bodies meet not? Simple  
marriage rites, now let vs foorth: hee is in the way  
to felicitie, and desires your hand.

*Eug.* My hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie.

*Mom.* Very good, may not any woman say this now.  
Conclud now sweet Neece.

*Eug.* And so God prosper your Iourney.

*Mom.* Charitably concluded, though farre short of  
that loue I wood haue shewen to any friend of yours  
Neece

*He writes and  
she declares.*

*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

Neece I sweare to you, your hand now, and let this little stay his appetite,

*Eug.* Read what you haue writ my Lord.

*Mom.* What needs that madam, you remember it I am sure.

*Eug.* Well if it want fense in the Composition, let my secretarie be blam'd for't, theirs my hand.

*Mom.* Thanks gentle Neece, now ile reade it.

*Eug.* VVhy now, more then before I pray?

*Mom.* That you shall see straite, I cannot but suffer you to loue if you doe loue and wil requite your loue.

*Eug.* Remember that requitall was of your own putting it, but it shal be after my fashion I warrant ye.

*Mom.* Interrupt me no more, your loue being mentoll needs no bodeley requital, but in hart I embrace & repay it, my hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie, and my selfe knit with you in the bandes of marriage euer walke with you, in it, and so God prosper our iourney:

*Eugenio.*

*Eug.* Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

*Mom.* By my life but it is Neece.

*Eug.* By my life but tis none of my deed then.

*Mom.* Doe you vse to set your hand to that which is not your deed, your hand is at it Neece, and if there be any law in England, you shall performe it too:

*Eug.* VVhy this is plaine dishonoured deceit.

Does all your truest kindnes end in lawe?

*Mom.* Hane patience Neece, for what so ere I say

Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free loue

Shall ioyne my friend and thee, or naught at al,

By my friends loue, and by this kisse it shall.

*Eug.* VVhy, thus did false Acontius snare Cydippe.

*Mom.* Indeed deere loue his wile was something like

And then tis no vnheard-of recheric

That was enacted in a goddes Eye,

Acontius worthie loue feard not Diana

*Before*





*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

Before whome he contriu'de this sweete deceite

*Eug.* Vel there you haue my hand, but ile besworne  
I never did thing so against my will.

*Mom.* T'will proue the better madam, doubt it not,  
And to allay the billows of your blood,  
Raide with my motion bold and opposite  
Deere neece suppe with me, and refresh your spirites:  
I haue invited your companions  
VVith the two guests that dinde with you to daie,  
And will send for the old Lord *Furnifall*  
The Captaine, and his mates and (tho at night)  
VVe will be merrie as the morning *Larke*.

*Eug.* No, no my Lord, you will haue *Clarence* there.

*Mom.* A las poore gentleman I must tell you now  
Hees extreame sicke, and was so when he writt  
Tho he did charge me not to tell you so;  
And for the world he cannot come abroade.

*Eug.* Is this the man that without passion loues

*Mom.* I doe not tell you he is sicke with loue;  
Or if he be tis wilfull passion.  
VVhich he doth choose to suffer for your sake  
And cood restraine his sufferance with a thought,  
Vpon my life he will not trouble you;  
And therefore worthie neece faile not to come.

*Eug.* I will on that condition.

*Mom.* Tis perform'd: for were my friend well and  
cood comfort me; I wood not now intreat your com-  
panie, but one of you I must haue, or I die, oh such a  
friend is worth a monarchie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Furnifall, Rudsbie, Goos-  
cappe, Fowlweather, Buttaker.*

*Fur.* Nay my gallants I will tell you more.

*All.* Forth good my Lord.

*Fur.* The euening came and then our waxen stars  
Sparkled about the heauenly court of Eraunce.  
VVhen I then young and rediant as the sunne

**G**

**Gane**

Sir Gyldes Graftyppre.

Gaelus beto those lampes; and our long thyme therin  
My golddn for to oppe; I kept into the presence,  
Where set with other princely dames I found  
The Countesse of Lancalur and her neece  
VVho as I told you cast so fix'd an eye  
On my behauisours talking with the king.

Fair. To every good Lord, Faire. They rose when I camg in, and all the lights  
Burnd dide for shame; when I stood vp and shind.

Foul. O most passionate descriptioun Sir. Curr.  
Rud. True of a candles end.  
Goos. The passingh descriptioun of a candle, that euer  
laid Sir Gyldes hand illis up.

Fair. Yet synfull I riot at them, nor seemd to note  
VVhat gracie they did me, but found courtly cause  
To talke with an accomplitsh gentleman  
New come from Itali, on quest of newces.

I spake Italian with him, Faire. What so young and no. 11  
Foul. O rarissime vole cadens nel parlar nostro familiare.  
Foul. Slidd, a good speake it knight, at three yeare old.  
Fair. Nay gentle Captaine doe not set me forth.

I loue it not, in trath I loue it not.  
Foul. Slight my Lord but truth is truth you know.

Goos. I dare ensure your Lordship, Truth is truth, &  
I have thownd in Frgunce, they speake French as well,

as their mother tonge my Lord, o

Fair. VVhy tis their mother tonge my noble knight  
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note  
The Ladies notes of me, but held my talke,  
with that Italianate Frenchman, and tooke time  
(Still as our conference seru'd) to shew my Courtship  
In the three quarter legge, and settled looke,  
The quick kille of the toppe of the forefinger  
And other such employtes of good Accost.

All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes  
VVith such attention that their fauours warnde

countred as i tally they may haue About





*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

About my bosome, in my hatt, mine eares,  
In skarfes about my thighes, vpon mine armes.  
Thicke on my wrystes, and thicker on my hands,  
And still the lesse I sought, the more I found.  
All this I tell to this notorious end,  
That you may vse your Courtship with lesse care  
To your coy mistresses; As when we krike  
A goodly Sammon, with a little line  
VVe doe not tugge to hale her vp by force  
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke lost;  
But let her carelesse play alongst the stremes  
As you had left her, and sheele drowne her selfe.

*Foul.* A my life a most rich comparison.

*Goof.* Neuer stirre, if it bee not a richer Caparison,  
then my Lorde my Cosine wore at tilt, for that was bro-  
dred with nothing but mooneshine iþ the water, and  
this has Sámons in't; by heauen a most edible Caparitó.

*Ru.* Odious thou woodst say, for Cöparisós are odious.

*Foul.* So they are indeede sir *Cat.* all but my' Lords.

*Goof.* Bee Caparisons odious Sir *Cutt:* what like flow-  
ers?

*Rud.* O asle they be odorous.

*Goof.* A botts atthat stincking worde odorous, I  
can neuer hitt on't.

*Fur.* And how like you my Court-counsaile gallats ha-

*Foul.* Out of all proportion excellent my Lorde; & be-  
leeue it for Emphaticall Courtship, your Lordship puts  
downe all the Lords of the Court.

*Fur.* No good Captaine no. (Courtship.

*Foul.* By Fraunce you doemy Lord for Emphaticall

*Fur.* For Emphaticall Courtship indeed I can doe  
somewhat.

*Foul.* Then does your merrie entertainment become  
you so festisally, that you haue all the brauerie of a Saint  
Georges day about ye when you vse it.

*Fur.* Nay that's too much in sadnes Captaine.

*Goof.* O good my Lord, let him prayse you, what so ere

SIR GYLES GOES APPROPRIATELY.

It costs your Lordshippe a goodly summe of money.

Foul. I assure your Lordshippe your merrie behauis our doct so festially shewe vpon you, that every high holliday when Ladies wold bee most bewtiful; every one wishes to God shee were turnd into such a little Lord as you, wherby are merrie.

Gos. By this fire they doe my Lord, I haue heard am.

Fur. Marrie God for bid knight they shood be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them amine honor.

Foul. Then for your Lordships quippes, & quick iests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them a my vertue

Fur. Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Capitaine, Tha'st an excellent witt, and thou shalt haue Crownes amine honour, and now knights and Captain, the foole you told me off, do you al know him?

Gos. I know him best my Lord;

Fur. Doe you Sir Gyler, to him then good knight, & be here with him, and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him vnto vs Sir Gyler, paint him liuely, liuely now, my good knightly boy.

Gos. Why my good Lord? hee will nere be long from vs, because we are all mortall you know.

Fur. Verie true,

Gos. And as soone as euer wee goe to dinner, and supper to gathery.

Rud. Dinner and supper to gathery, whens that tyme?

Gos. A will come you in amonst vs, with his Cloake, buttoned loose vnder his chinne.

Rud. Buttoned loose my Lord?

Gos. I me Lord bytternd loose still, and both the flaps cast ouer before, both his shoulders afore him.

Rud. Both shouldiers afore him?

Fur. From before him bee meanes; forth good Sir Gyler.

Gos. Like a potenteate My Lord?

Rud. Much like a Potenteate indeed.

Gos. For all the world like a Potenteate Sir Gyler: ye know.

Rud. So





*Sir Giles Gooscappe.*

*Rud.* So Sir.

*Goo.* All his beard nothing but haire,

*Cud.* Or something else.

*Goo.* Or something else as you say.

*Foul.* Excellent good.

*Goo.* His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Orrenges alwaies in an vncleane hand kerchiffe very cleanly I warrant you my Lord.

*Fur.* A good neate foole Sir Gyles of mine honour.

*Goo.* Then hiſ fine wordſ that hee ſets them in, conatall, a fine Annisſeede wenche foole vpon ticket and fo forth.

*Fur.* Paſſing ſtrange wordes believe me,

*Goo.* Knoth every man at the table, though he never ſaw him before, by ſight and then will hee foole you ſo finely my Lord, that hee will make your harteake, till your eyes runne ouer.

*Fur.* The best that euer I heard, gray mercy good knight for thy merrie deſcription, Captaine, I giue thee twentie companies of commendations, neuer to bee caſheird.

*Enter Jacke and Will on the other ſide.*

*Am.* Sause your Lordſhip.

*Fur.* My prettie caſt of Merlins, what prophecies with your little maiftershippes?

*Ia.* Things that cannot come to paſſe my Lord, the worse our fortunes.

*Foul.* Why whats the matter pages?

*Rud.* How now my Ladies foysting hounds.

*Goo.* M. Jack, M. Jacke; how do ye M. William, frolick?

*Will.* Not ſo frolicke, as you left vs Sir Gyles.

*Fur.* VVhy wags, what newes bring you a Gods name,

*Ia.* Heauie newes indeed my Lord, pray pardone vs.

*Fur.* Heauie newes? not poſſible your little bodies cood bring am then, vnlode thole your heauie newes I beſeech ye?

*Will.* VVhy my Lord the foole we tooke for your Lord: is thought too wiſe for you, and we dare not preſet him,

*Goo.* Slidd

*Sir Giles Gooscappe.*

*Goo.* Slydd pages, youle not cheates of our foole wil ye?

*Ia.* VVhy sir *Giles*, hees too dogged and bitter for you in truth, we shall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he shall make all the world laugh at vs.

*Wil.* I indeed sir *Giles*, and he knowes you so wel too

*Giles.* Knowe me slight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his dish.

*Fa.* Faith he begs you to be content sir *Giles*, for he wil not come.

*Goo.* Begg me slight I wood I had knowne that, other date, I thought I had met him in Paules, & he had byn anie body else but a piller, I wood haue runne him through by heauen, beg me?

*Foul.* He begges you to be content sir *Giles*, that is, he praises you.

*Goo.* O does he praise me, then I commend him.

*Fur.* Let this vnsutable foole goe sir *Giles*, we will make shift without him.

*Goo.* That we wil a my word my Lord, and haue him too for all this.

*Wil.* Doe not you say so sir *Giles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

*Goo.* Dead? Slight that cannot be man, I knowe he wood ha writ to me ont had byn so.

*Fur.* Quick or dead let him goe sir *Giles*.

*Ia.* I my Lord, for we haue better newes for you to harken after.

*Fur.* what are they my good Nouations?

*Ia.* My Lord *Monsford* intreates your Lorship and these knyghts and captaine to accompany the countesse *Eugenia*, and the other two Ladies at his house at supper to night.

*Wil.* All desiring your Lo:to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

*Fur.* VVithall my hart wagges, and theirs amends; my harts, now set your courtshippe a'the last, a'the tainters, and pricke vp your selues for the Ladies.

*Goose.* O





*Sir Giles Gooscappe.*

*Goo.* O braue sir *Cut*: come let's prick vp the Ladies:

*Fur.* And wil not the knights two noble kinsemē be  
there?

*Ia.* Both will be their my Lord.

*Fur.* VVhy theres the whole knot of vs then, and  
there shall wee knocke vppe the whole triplicitie of  
your nuptials.

*Goo.* Ile make my Lord my Cosin speake for me.

*Foul.* And your Lordship will be for me I hope.

*Fur.* VVith tooth and naile Captaine, A my  
Lord.

*Rua.* Hang am Tytts ile pommell my selfe into  
am.

*Ia.* Your Lo: your Cosin Sir *Gyles* has promist the  
Ladies they shall see you sowe.

*Goo.* Gods mee, wood I might never be mortall if I  
doe not carry my worke with me.

*Fur.* Doe so Sir *Gyles*, and withall vse meanes  
To taint their high blouds with the shaste of Loue,  
Sometimes a fingers motion woundes their minds;

A iest, a Iesture, or a prettie laugh,

A voyce, a present, ah, things done ith nick

VVound deepe, and sure, and let flie your gold

And we shall nuptialls haue, hold belly hold.

*Goo.* O rare Sir *Cut*: we shall eate nut-shells,

hold belly hold

*Exeunt.*

*Ia.* O pitifull knight, that koowes not nuptials from  
nutshells.

*Will.* And now *Comment porte vous monsieur?*

*Bul.* Porte bien vous remercy.

*Ia.* VVe may see it indeed Sir, & you shall goe afore  
with vs.

*Bul.* No good monsieurs.

*Will.* Another Crashe in my Ladies Celler yfaith mon-  
sieur.

*Bul.* Remercy de bon coeur monsieurs.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter.*

*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

*Enter Clarence Monford.*

(beames

*Mom.* How now my friend does not the knowing  
That through thy comon fense glaūce through thy eyes  
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire  
And warme thy heart with a triumphant fire?

*Mom.* My Lord I feele a treble happines  
Mix in one soule, which proues how eminent  
Things endlesse are aboue things temporall,  
That are in bodies needefullly confin'de;  
I cannot suffer their dementions pierst  
VVhere my immortall part admits expansure  
Euen to the comprehension of two more  
Commixt substantially with her meere selfe. (friend?

*Mom.* As how my strange, and riddle-speaking

*Cla.* As thus my Lord, I feele my owne minds ioy  
As it is leparate from all other powers,  
And then the mixture of an other soule  
Ioyn'de in direction to one end, like it,  
And thirdly the contentment I enioy,  
As we are ioyn'd that I shall worke that good  
In such a noble spirit as your neece,  
VVhich in my selfe I feele for absolute;  
Each good minde dowbles his owne free content  
VWhen in an others vse they give it vent.

*Mom.* Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong  
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,  
Then that whch shewe presents to thy conceits,  
In working thee a wife worse then she seemes;  
Ile tell thee plaine a secret which I knowe,  
My neece doth vse to paint her selfe with white  
VVhose cheeke are naturally mixt with redd  
Either because she thinks pale-lookes moues most:  
Or of an answereable nice affe&  
To other of her modeft qualities;  
Because she wood not with the outward blaze  
Oftempting bewtie tangle wanton eies;  
And so be troubled with their tromperies:

VVhich





*Sir Gyles Gosecappe.*

VVhich construe as thou wilt, I make it knowne  
That thy free comment may examine it,  
As willinger to tell truth of my neece,  
Then in the least degree to wrong my friend.

*Cla.* A ielous part of friendshippe you vnfold;  
For was it euer seene that any dame  
Wood chainge of choice a well mixt white and redd  
For bloodles palenes, if she striu'd to moue?  
He painting then is to shunn motion,  
But if she mended some defect with it  
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments;  
(Which to supplie bare nature) Ladies weare?  
What an absurd thing is it to suppose;  
(If Nature made vs either lame or sick,)  
VVe wood not seeke for sound lymmes, or for health  
By Art the Rector of confused Nature?  
So in a face if Nature be made lame  
Then Art can make it, is it more offence  
To helpe her want there then in other limmes?  
Who can giue instance where dames faces lost  
The priuiledge their other parts may boast.  
*Mom.* But our most Court receiued Poets saies

That painting is pure chastities abator.

*Cla.* That was to make vp a poore rime to Nature,  
And farre from any Judgment it confered  
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes  
And if in chastitie possesse the hart;  
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare  
Doth painting spot it,

*Omnis bonum naturaliter pulchrum.*  
For outward fairenes beates the diuine forme,  
And moues beholders to the Act of loue;  
And that which moues to loue is to be wisht  
And eche thing simplie to be wisht is good.  
So I conclude mere painting of the face

A lawfull and a commendable grace,

*Mom.* VVhat paradox dost thou defend in this

H

And

*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

And yet through thy cleare arguments I see  
Thy speach is farr exempt from flatterie,  
And how illiterate custome groslie erres?  
Almost in all traditions she preferres.  
Since then the doubt I put thee of my neece,  
Checks not thy doubtlesse loue, forth my deare friend,  
And to all force to those impressions,  
That now haue caru'd her phantasie with loue,  
I haue invited her to supper heere,  
And told her thou art most extreame lie sick.  
**V**Vich thou shalt counterfeit with all thy skill,  
*Cla:* VVich is exceeding smale to counterfeit,  
*Mom.* Practise a little, loue will teach it thee,  
And then shall doctor Verseythe phisitian,  
Come to thee while her selfe is in my house.  
VVith whome as thou conserft of thy disease,  
Ile bring my neece withall the Lords and Ladies.  
VVithin your hearing vnder fain'd pretext,  
To shew the pictures that hang neare thy chamber,  
VVhere when thou hearst my voyce, know she is there,  
And therefore speake that which may stir her thoughts,  
And make her slie into thy opened arms.  
Ladies whome true worth cannot moue to ruth,  
Trew louers must deceue to shew their truth. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

**ACTVS QUINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.**

*Enter Momford, Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Rudesbie,  
Goofecap, Fontweathers, Eugenia, Hippolita,  
Penelope, Wimfred.*

*Mom.* VVhere is Sir Gyles Goofecappe here?  
*Goof.* Here my Lord.

*Mom.* Come forward knight tis you that the Ladies admire at working a mine honor,

*Goof.* A-





*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

*Goff:* A little at once my Lorde for Idlenes sake.

*Fur:* Sir Cus, I say, to her captaine.

*Penel:* Come good seruant let's see what you worke.

*Goff:* VVhy looke you mistris I am makeing a fine drie sea, full of fishe, playing in the bottome, & here ile let in the water so liuely, that you shall heare it rore.

*Eug:* Not heare it Sir Giles.

*Goff:* Yes in sooth madam with your eyes.

*Tal:* I Ladie; for when a thing is done so exceedingly to the life, as my knighthlie cosen does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the care seemes to take part with it.

*Hip:* T hat's a verie good reason my Lord.

*Mom:* VVhat a Iet it is, to heare how seriouslie he striues to make his foolish kinsmans answeres wise ones.

*Pen:* VVhat shall this be seruant?

*Goff:* This shall be a great whale mistris, at all his bignesse spouting huge hils of salt-water afore him, like a little water squirt, but you shall not neede to feare him mistris, for he shalbe silke and gould, he shall doe you noe harme, and he be nere so liuely.

*Pen:* Thanke you good seruant.

*Tal:* Doe not thinke Ladie, but he had need tell you this a forehand for a mine honor, he wrought me the monster *Caucasus* so liuely, that at the first sight I started at it.

*Mom:* The monster *Caucasus* my Lord? *Caucasus* is a mountaine; *Cacus* you meane.

*Tal:* *Cacus* indeede my Lorde, criе you mercie.

*Goff:* Heere ile take out your eye, and you wil mistris.

*Pen:* No by my faith Seruant tis better in

*H a Goff.* VVhy

*Sir Gyles Goosceape.*

*Gof.* VVhy Ladie, Ile but take it out in iest,in earnest.

*Pen.* No, something else there good seruant.

*Gof.* VVhy then here shall be a Catnell, and he shall haue hornes, and he shall looke for all the world like a maide without a husband.

*Hip.* O bitter sir *Giles*.

*Tal.* Nay he has a drie wit *Ladie* I can tell ye.

*Pen.* He bobd me there indeede my Lord.

*Fur.* Marry him sweet *Lady*, to answere his bitter bob.

*King.* So she maie answere him with hornes indeed.

*Eng.* See what a pretie worke he weares in his boote-hole.

*Hip.* Did you worke them your selfe sir *Gyles*, or buy them?

*Gof.* I bought am for nothing madam in th'exchange

*Eng.* Bought am for nothing.

*Tal.* Indeed madam in th'exchange they so honor him for his worke that they will take nothing for anie thing he buies on am, but wheres the rich night-cappe you wrobt cosen: if it had not byn too little for you, it was the best peece of worke, that euer I sawe.

*Gof.* VVhy my Lord, t'was bigg enough, when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you knowe.

*Tal.* Indeede the warmer a man keepes his feete the lesse he heedes weare vpon his head.

*Eng.* You speake for your kinsman the best, that euer I heard my Lord.

*Gof.* But I beleue madam, my Lord my cosen has not told you all my good parts.

*Tal.* I told him so I warrant you cosen.

*Hip:* VVhat doe you thinke he left out Sir *Giles*?

*Gof.* Marrie madam I can take tobacco now, and I haue bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better then





*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

then all the burning glasses ith world,

*Eng.* Glowc-wormes sir Gyles will they make it  
burne?

*Goo.* O good madam I feed am with nothing but  
fire, a purpose, Ile besworne they eat me fие faggots a-  
weke in charcoale.

*Tal:* Nay he has the strangest deuices Ladies that  
euer you heard I warrant ye.

*Fur:* That's a strange device indeed my Lord.

*Hip:* But your sowing sir Gyles is a most gentlewo-  
man-like qualitie I assure you.

*Pen:* O farr away, for now seruant, you neede neuer  
marrie, you are both husband, and wife your selfe.

*Goo:* Nay indeede mistris I wood faine marrie for  
all that, and ile tell you my reason, if you will.

*Pen:* Let's heare it good seruant.

*Goo:* VVhy madam we haue a great match at  
foot-ball towards, married men against batchellers, &  
the married men be al my friends, so I wood faine mar-  
rie to take the married mens parts in truth.

*Hip:* The best reason for marriage that euer I heard  
sir Gyles.

*Goo:* I pray will you keepe my worke a little mistris,  
I must needes straine a little courtise in truth.

*Exit Sir Gyles.*

*Hip:* Gods my life I thought he was a litle to blame.

*Rud:* Come, come, you heare not me dame.

*Fur:* VVell said sir Cut, to her now we shall heare  
fresh courting.

*Hip:* A las sir Cut, you are not worth the hearing,  
euery bodie saies you cannot loue, how soever you  
talke on't.

*Rud:* Not loue dame? slydd what argument woodst  
haue of my loue tro: lett me looke as redde as scar-  
let a fore I see thee, and when thou comst in sight if  
the sunne of thy bewtie, doe not white me like  
a shippards holland I am a lewe to my Creator.

*Hip:* O

*Sir Giles Gooscappe.*

*Hip.* O excellent,

*Rud.* Let mee burst like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turnd the verie heart in my bellie, and made mee readie to bee hangd by the hecles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

*Hip.* You shood haue hangd longer Sir *Cut*: tis not right yet,

*Rud.* Zonnes, bid me cut off the best lymme of my bo-die for thy loue, and ile lai't in thy hand to proue it, doost thinke I am no Christian, haue I not a Soule to saue?

*Hip.* Yes tis to saue yet I warrant it, and wilbe while tis a soule if you vse this.

*Fur.* Excellent Courtship of all hands, only my Cap-taines Courtshippe, is not heard yet, good madam gwe him fauour to court you with his voyce.

*Eng.* What shood he Court me with all else my Lord?

*Mom.* VVhy, I hope madam there be otherthings to Court Ladies withall besides voyces.

*Fur.* I meane with an audible sweete song madam.

*Eug.* VVith all my heart my Lorde, if I shall bee so much indebted to him.

*Foul.* Nay I will be indebted to your eares Ladie for hearing me sound musick.

*Fur.* VVell done Captaine, proue as it wil now.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Me.* My Lord Doctor Versey the Physician is come to see master Clarence.

*Mom.* Light and attend him to him presently.

*Fur.* To master Clarence? what is your friend sick?

*Mom.* Exceeding sick.

*Ta.* I am exceeding sorrie.

*Kng.* Neuer was sorrow worthier bestowed  
Then for the ill state of so good a man.

*Pcn.* Alas poore gentleman; good my Lord lets see him.

*Mom.* Thankes gentle Ladie, but my friend is loth  
To





*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

To trouble Ladies since he cannot quitt them.  
With any thing he hath that they respect.

*Hip.* Respect my Lord; I wood hold such a man  
In more respect then any Emperor  
For he cood make me Empresse of my selfe  
And in mine owne rule comprehend the world.

*Mom.* How now young dame? what sodainly inspirid  
This speech hath siluet haires, and reuerence asks  
And soner shall haue dutie done of me  
Then any pompe in temperali Emperie.

*Hip.* Good madam get my Lord to let vs greet him.

*Eug.* Alas we shall but wrong and trouble him.  
His Contemplations greet him with most welcome;

*Fur.* I neuer knew a man of so sweet a temper  
So soft and humble, of so high a Spirit.

*Mom.* Alas my noble Lord he is not rich,  
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekeſ.  
The ſtanding lake of *Impudencē* corrupts,  
Hath nougħt in all the world, nor nougħt wood haue,  
To grace him in the proſtituted light.  
But if a man wood conſort with a Soule  
VVhere all mans Sea of gall and bitternesſ  
Is quite evaporate with hiſ holy flames,  
And in wholē powers a Doue-like Innocence  
Fosters her owne deſerts, and life and death,  
Runnes hand in hand before them: All the Skies  
Cleere and transparent to her piercing eyes,  
Then wood my friend be ſomething, but till then  
A Cipher, nothing, or the worſt of men.

*Foul.* Sweet Lord lets goe visit him.

*Enter Goofecappe.*

*Goof.* Pray good my Lord, whatſ that you talke on?

*Mom.* Are you come from your necessarie busines Sir  
Gyles? we talke of the visiting of my ſicke friend Clarence,

*Goof.* O good my Lord lets visit him, cause I knowe  
his brother.

*Hip.* Know his brother, nay then Count doe  
not

*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

not denie him.

*Gof.* Pray my Lord whether was eldest, he or his elder brother?

*Mom.* O! the younger brother eldest, while you liue Sir Gyles.

*Gof.* I say so still my Lord, but I am so borne down with truth as neuer any knight ith world was I thinke.

*Ta.* A man wood thinke he speakes simplie now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents; to make which child they will youngest, or eldest: For osten we see the younger inherite, wherein he is eldest.

*Eug.* Your Logicall wit my Lorde is able to make any thing good.

*Mom.* VVell come sweet Lords, & Ladies, let vs spend The time till supper-time with some such sights As my poore house is furnished withall Pictures and Jewels; of which implements It may be I haue some wil please you much.

*Gof.* Sweet Lord lets see them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarence and Doctor.*

*F<sup>r</sup> Do.* I thinke your disease Sir, be rather of the mind then the bodie.

*Cla.* Be there diseases of the mind Doctor?

*Do.* No question Sir, eu'en as there be of the bodie.

*Cla.* And cures for them too?

*Do.* And cures for them too, but not by Phisick:

*Cla.* You will haue their deseases, greises? wil ye not?

*Do.* Yes, oftentimes,

*Cla.* And doe not greises euer rise out of passions?

*Do.* Euermore,

*Cla.* And doe not passions proceed from corporall distempers?

*Do.* Not the passions of the mind, for the mind many times is sicke, when the bodie is healthfull.

*Cla.* But is not the mindes-sicknes of power to make the bodie sicke?

*Do.* Intime, certaine.

*Cla.* And





Sir Giles Gooscappe.

Cla. And the bodies ill affections able to infect the

Do. No question. (mind's

Cla. Then if there bee such a naturall commerce of  
Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one of-  
fends the other, why shood not the medicines for one  
cure the other?

Do. Yet it will not you see. *Hei mihi quod nullus amor*  
*est medicabilis herbis.*

Cla. Naythen Doctor, since you cannot make any  
reasonable Connexion of these two contrarieties the  
minde and the bodie, making both subiect to passion,  
wherein you confound the substances of both, I must  
tell you there is no disease of the mind but one, and  
that is Ignorance.

Do. VVhy what is loue? is not that a disease of the  
mind?

Cla. Nothing so: for it springs naturally out of the  
bloode, nor are wee subiect to any disease; or sorrowe,  
whose causes, or effects simply and natively concerne  
the bodie, that the mind by any meanes partaketh, nor  
are there any passions in the Soule, for where there are  
no affections, there are no passions: And *Affectus* your  
master Galen refers part in *sensu*, For *ille est anima senti-*  
*ens. ubi sunt affectus:* Therefore the Rationall Soule can-  
not be there also.

Do. But you know we vse to say, my mind gives mee  
this or that, cuen in those addictions that concerne the  
bodie.

Cla. VVe vse to say so indeed, and from that vse comes  
the abuse of all knowledge; and her practize, for when  
the obiect in question onely concerns the state  
of the bodie? why shood the soule bee sorry or glad  
for it? if she willingly mixe her selfe, then shee is a foole,  
if of necessarie and against her will, A slave; And so, far  
from that wisdome, and freedome that the Empresse of  
Reason, and an eternall Substance shoud comprehend.

Do. Dianinely spoken Sir, but verie Paradoxiallie.

Sir Gyles Goosceapple.

Enter Monsford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnif, Rudes, Goof,  
Foul, Eugenia, Penelope, Hippotita, Wimurid.

Mom. Who's there?

I, my Lord.

Mom. Bring hether the key of the gallerie, me thought  
I heard the Doctor and my friend.

Fur. I did so sure.

Mom. Peace then a while my Lord  
We will be bold to evesdroppe; For I know  
My friend is as respectiue in his chamber  
And by himselfe, of any thing he does  
As in a Criticke Synods curious eyes  
Following therein Pythagoras golden rule.

*Maxime omnium res sum reuerere.*

Cla. Knowe you the Countesse Eugenia Sir?

Do. Exceeding wel Sir, she's a good learned scholler.

Cla. Then I perceiue you know her well indeed.

Do. Me thinks you two shood vse much conference.

Cla. Alas sir, we doe verie seldome meet,  
For her estate, and mine are so vnequall,  
And then her knowledge passeth mine so farre  
That I hold much to sacred a respect,  
Of hir high vertues to let mine attend them,

Do. Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flowe  
Out of your iudgment but from passion.

Cla. Indeed I doe account that passion,  
The verie high perfection of my mind,  
That is excited by her excellency,  
And therefore willingly, and gladly feele it.  
For what was spoken of the most chaste Queene  
Of riche Pasiana may be said of her.

*Anteuenit sortem moribus virtutibus Annos,  
Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genuit.*

Do. A most excellent Dislike.

Mom. Come Lords away, lets not presume too much  
Of a good nature, not for all I haue  
V. Vood I haue him take knowledge of the wrong.





*Sir Gyles Goosescape.*

I rudely offer him: come then ile shewe  
A few rare Jewels to your honour'd eyes,  
And then present you with a common supper.

*Goso.* I ewells my Lord, why is not this candlestick  
one of your newells pray?

*Mow.* Yes marrre is it Sir *Gyles* if you will.

*Goso.* Tis a most fine candlesticke in truth, it wants  
nothing but the languages.

*Pen.* The languages seruant, why the languages?

*Goso.* VVhy misstris; there was a latin candlestick here  
afore, and that had the languages I am sure.

*Ta.* I thought he had a reason for it Ladie.

*Pen.* I and a reason of the Sunne too my Lord, for  
his father wood haue bin ashamed on't. *Exeunt.*

*Do.* VVell master Clarence I perceiue your mind  
Hath so incorporate it selfe with flesh  
And therin rarified that flesh to spirit,  
That you haue need of no Phisitians helpe.  
But good Sir euen for holy vertues health  
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make  
Those ground-workes of eternitie, you lay  
Meanes to your ruine, and short being here:  
For the too strict and rationall Course you hold  
VVill eat your bodie vp; and then the world,  
Or that small point of it, where virtue liues  
VVill suffer Diminution: It is now  
Brought almost to a simple vnitie,  
VVhich is, (as you well know) *Simplicior punclo.*  
And if that point faile once, why, then alas  
The vnitie must onely be swppof'd,  
Let it not faile then, most men else haue sold it;  
Tho you neglect your selfe, vphould it,  
So with my reverend loue I leaue you Sir. *Exit.*

*Cla.* Thanks worthie Doctour, I do amply quite you  
I proppe poore vertue, that am propt my selfe,  
And onely by one friend in all the world,  
For vertues onely sake I vse this wile,

*Sir Giles Goosescape.*

VVhich otherwise I wood despise and scorne,  
The world shoulde stike and all the pompe she hugs  
Close in her hart, in her ambitious gripe  
Ere I sustaine it, if this slendrest ioynt  
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings loue so well  
Had power to sauе it from the throte of hell  
*He drawes the Curtaines and sus within them.*

*Enter Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita.*

*Eug.* Come on faire Ladies I must make you both  
Familiar witnessesse of the most strange part  
And full of impudence that ere I plaide.

*Hip.* VVhat that good madam ?

*Eug.* I that haue bene so more then maiden-nice  
To my deare Lord and vnkle not to yeeld  
By his imporrunate suite to his friends loue  
In looke, or almost thought; will of my selfe  
Farre past his expection or his hope  
In action, and in person greete his friend,  
And comfort the poore gentlemans sick state.

*Pen.* Is this a part off so much Impudence ?

*Eug.* No but I feare me it will stretch to more

*Hip.* Mary madam the more the merrier,

*Eug.* Marrie Madam ? what shood I marrie him ?

*Hip.* Yqu taketh the word me thinkes as tho you would,  
And if there be a thought of such kind heate  
In your cold bosome, wood to God my breath  
Might blowe it to the flame of your kind hart.

*Eug.* Gods pretious Ladie, knowe ye what you say,  
Respet you what I am, and what he is,  
VVhat the whole world wood say, & what great Lords  
I haue refused and might as yet embrace,

And speake you like a friend, to wish me him ?

*Hip.* Madam I cast all this, and know your choyse  
Can cast it quite out of the christall dores  
Of your Iudicall eyes: I am but young  
And be it said without all pride I take,

To





*Sir Cydas Gooſe app.*

To be am rid, I am one, and I indeed  
Yet in my mothers womb be to all the viles  
Weend in the loontes of greatness; and of state:  
And yet euen by that little I haue learn'd  
Out of continuall conference with you,  
I haue cride haruest home of thus much iudgment  
In my greene sowing time; that I cood place  
The constant sweetnes of good Clarence mind,  
Fild with his inward wealth and nobleness;  
(Looke madam here,) when others outward trashē  
Shood be contented to come vnder here.

*Pen.* And so say I vpon my maidenhead.

*Eug.* Tis well said Ladies, thus we differ then,  
I to the truth-wise, you to worldly men:  
And now sweet dames obserue an excellent iest  
(At least in my poore iesting.) Th' Erle my uncle  
Will misse me straite, and I know his close drift  
Is to make me, and his friend Clarence meete  
By some deuice or other he hath plotted.  
Now when he seekes vs round about his house  
And cannot find vs, for we may be sure  
He will not seeke me in his sickie friends chamber,  
(I haue at al times made his loue so strange;)  
He straight will thinke, I went away dispeas'd,  
Or hartelie careles of his hartiest sute.  
And then I know there is no greife on earth  
Will touch his hart so much, which I will suffer  
To quite his late good pleasure wrought on me,  
For ile be sworne in motion and progresse  
Of his friends suite, I never in my life  
VVrastled so much with passion or was mou'd  
To take his firme loue in such Ielouse part.

*Hip.* This is most excellent madam, and will proue  
A neetelike, and a noble frends Reuenge.

*Eug.* Bould in a good cause, then lets greet his friend,  
VWhere is this sickly gentleman at his booke?  
Now in good troth I wood theis bookes were burnd

That

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

That rapp men from their friends before their time,  
How does my vncle, friend, no other name

I need giue him, to whome I giue my selfe,

Cla. O madam let me rise that I may kneele,  
And pay some dutie to your soueraigne grace.

Hip. Good Clarence doe not worke your selfe disease  
My Ladie comes to ease and comfort you.

Pen. And we are handmaides to her to that end.

Cla. Ladies my hart will breake, if it be held  
VWithin the verge of this presumtuous chaire.

Eug. VVhy, Clarence is your judgement bent to shew  
A common louers passion? let the world,  
That liuez without a hart, and is but shewe,  
Stand on her emtie, and imposened forme,  
I knowe thy kindenesse, and haue seene thy hart,  
Clest in my vuckles free, and friendly lippes  
And I am onely now to speake and act,  
The rit's due to thy loue: oh I cood weepe.  
A bitter shewe of teares for thy sick state,  
I cood give passion all her blackest rites,  
And make a thousand vowes to thy deserts,  
But these are common, knowledge is the bond,  
T he seale and crowne of our vntited mindes,  
And that is rare, and constant, and for that,  
To my late written hand I giue thee this,  
See heauen, the soule thou gau'ſt is in this hand.  
This is the knot of oure eternitie,  
VVhich fortune, death, nor hell, shal euer loose.

Enter Bullaker. Jack Wil.

Ja: VVhat an vnmannerly trick is this of thy countesse,  
to giue the noble count her vuckle the slippe  
thus?

Wil. Vnmannerlie, you villayne! O that I were  
worthie to weare a dagger to anie purpose for thy sake?

Bul. VVhy young gentlemen, vtter your anger  
with your fistes.

Wil. Tha<sup>c</sup>





*Sir Gyles Gooselapp.*

*Wil.* That canot be man, for all fistis are shut you  
know, and vtter nothing, and besides I doe not thinke  
my quarrell iust for my Ladys protecion in this caule,  
for I protest she does most abominable miscartie her  
selfe.

*Ia:* Protest you sawise lack you, I shood doe my  
countric and court shippe good service to beat thy  
coalts teeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reue-  
rend worde to passe their guardes why, the oldest  
courtier in the world man, can doe noe more then  
protest,

*Bul.* Indeede page if you were in Fraunce, you  
wood bee broken vpon a wheele for it, there is not  
the best Dukes sonne in Fraunce dares saie I protest,  
till hee bee one and thirtie yeere old at least, for the  
inheritance of that worde is not to bee possest  
before.

*Wil.* VVell, I am sorie for my presumption then,  
but more sorie for my Ladies, matic most sorie  
for thee good Lorde Monfords, that will make vs  
most of all sorie for our selues, if wee doe not fynde  
her out.

*Ia:* VVhy alas what shood wee doe fall the starres  
as our heauen see, wee seeke her as fast as wee can,  
if shee bee crept into a rush wee will seeke her out  
or burne her.

*Enter Monford.*

*Mons.* Villaines where are your Ladies, seeke them  
Out; hence, home ye monsters, nad stil keep you there  
VVhere leuitie keepes, in her in constant Spheare, *Excuse.*  
*Awaie you pretious villaines, what a plague,* *Pages.*  
Of varried tortures is a womans harte  
How like a peacockes taile with different lightes,  
They differ from them selues; the very ayre  
Alters the aspen humours of their bloods.

*Now*

*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

Now excellent good, now superexcellent badd.  
Some excellent good, some but one of all:  
VVood, anie ignorant babie serue her friend,  
Such an vniciuill part: Sblood what is learning?  
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch flies,  
And nourish spiders, caud she cut my throate,  
VVish her departure I had byn her calle,  
And made a dylbat supper for my guests  
Of her kinde charge, I am beholding to her,  
Puffe, is there not a feather in this ayre?  
A man may challenge for her: what? a feather?  
So easie to be seene; so apt to trase?  
In the weake flight of her ynconstant wings?  
A more man at the most, that with the sunne,  
Is onely scene, yet with his radiant eye,  
we cannot singe so from other motes,  
To say this mote is shee, passion of death,  
She wrongs me past a death, come come my friend,  
Is mine, she nor her owne, and theres an end.

*Eng.* Come vuckle, shall we goe to supper now?

*Mom.* Zounes to supper; what a dore is this?

*Eug.* A las what ailes my vnkle, Ladies see.

*Hip.* Is not your Lordshippe well?

*Pen.* Good speake my Lord.

*Mom.* Atweete plague on you all, ye wittie ragues  
haue you no pittie in your villanous iests, bat runne a  
man quite from his fisteene witts?

*Hip.* VVi'll not your Lordshippe see your friend,  
and neece?

*Mom.* VVood I might sinke if I shame not to see her  
Tush! t'was a passion of pure Ielosie,  
Ile now make her now amends with Adoration,  
Goddes of learning and of constancie,  
Of friendshipp and euerie other vertue.

*Eug.* Come, come, you haue abus'de me now I know  
And now you plaister me with flatteries.

*Pen.* My Lord the contract is knyt fast betwixt them

*Mom.* Now





*Sir Gyles Godscapte.*

*Mom.* Now all heauens quire of Angels sing Amen,  
And blesse theis true borne nuptials with their blisse,  
And Neece tho you haue Cosind me in this,  
Ile vncle you yet in an other thing,  
And quite deceiue your expectation.  
For where you think you haue contracted harts  
VVith a poore gentleman, he is sole heire  
To all my Earledome, which to you and yours  
Ifreely, and for euer here bequeath;  
Call forth the Lords, sweet Ladies let them see  
This sodaine and most welcome Noueltie;  
But crie you mercy Neece, perhaps your modestie  
VVill not haue them pertake this sodaine matche.  
*Eug.* O vncle thinke you so, I hope I made  
My choyce with too much Judgment to take shame  
Of any forme I shall performe it with.

*Mom.* Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

*Enter Furnifal, Tal: King: Goo: Rnd: Fonk: Ia:  
Will, Bullaker.*

*Mom:* My Lords, take witnes of an absolute wonder,  
A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue,  
My friend, and my deere neece are man and wife.

*Fur.* A wonder of mine honour, and withall  
A worthie presedent for al the world;  
Heauen blesse you for it Ladie, and your choyce.

*Ambo* Thankes my good Lord.

*Ta.* An Accident that will make policie blushe,  
And all the Complements of wealth and state,  
In the successfull and vnumbred Race  
That shall flowe from it, fild with lame and grace.

*Km.* So may it speed deere Countesse, worthy Clarencee.

*Ambo* Thankes good Sir Culberd.

*Fur.* Captaine be not dismaid, Ile marrie thee,  
For while we liue, thou shalt my consort be.

*Fonl.* By Fraunce my Lord, I am not grieu'd a whit,  
Since Clarence hath her; he hath bin in Fraunce,  
And therefore merits her if she were better.

*K*

*Mom.* Then

*Sir Gyles Goosseapple.*

*Mom.* The knyghts ile knit your happye nuptiall knots,  
I know the Ladys minds better then you;  
Tho my rare Neece hath chose for vertus onlie,  
Yet some more wise then to me, they choose for both  
Vertue, and weath.

*Eng.* Nay vncle then I plead  
This goes with my choyce, *Some more wise then some,*  
For onely vertues choise is truest wisedome.

*Mom.* Take wealth, & vertue both amongst you then,  
They loue ye knyghts exreamely, and Sir *Cut:*  
I giue the chaste Hippolita to you,  
Sir Gyles this Ladie;

*Pen.* Nay stay there my Lord,  
I haue not yet prou'd all his knyghtly parts  
I heare he is an excellent Poez too.

*Tal.* That I forgot sweet Ladie; good Sir Gyles  
Haue you no sonnet of your penne about ye?

*Goof.* Yes, that I haue I hope my Lord my Cosen.

*Fur.* Why, this is passing fit.

*Goof.* Ide be loth to goe without paper about me  
against my mistris, hold my worke againe, a man knows  
not what neede he shall haue perhaps.

*Mom.* VVell remembred a mine honour Sir Gyles:

*Goof.* Pray read my Lorde, I made this sonnet of my  
mistris.

*Rud.* Nay reade thy selfe man.

*Goof.* No intruth Sir *Cut:* I cannot reade mine owne  
hande.

*Mom.* VVell I will reade it.

*Three things there be which thou shouldest only crane,*  
*Thou Pomroy, or thous apple of mine eye;*  
*Three things there be, which thou shouldest longe to hane,*  
*And for which three, each modest dame woocrie;*  
*Three things there be, that shood thine anger swage,*  
*An English mastife, and a fine french page.*

*Rud.* Sblood Asle, theres but two things, thou shamst  
thy selfe.

*Goof.* VVhy





Sir Gyles Goujentz

VVhy Sir Cutt: that's Poeticalicentia, the verse wood haue  
binne too long, and I had put in the third, S'light you  
are no Poet I perceiue.

Pen. Tis excellent seruant.

Mom. Keepe it Ladie then,

-And take the onely knight of mortall men.

Gos. Thanke you good my Lord as much as tho you  
had giuen me twentie shillings in truth, now I may take  
the married mens parts at footeball.

Mom. All comforts crowne you all; & you Captaine  
For merrie forme sake let the willowe crowne;  
A wreath of willow bring vs hither straite.

Fur. Not for a world shood that haue bin forgot  
Captaine it is the fashion, take this crowne.

Foul. VVith all my hart my Lord, and thanke ye too  
I will thanke any man that giues me crownes.

Mom. Now will we consecrate our readie supper  
To honourd Hymen as his nuptiall rite,  
In forme whereof first daunce faire Lords and Ladies  
And after sing, so we will sing and daunce,  
And to the skies our vertuous ioyes aduance.

The Measure.

Now to the song, and doe this garland gracie.

Canto.

Willowe, willowe, willowe.

our captaine goes downe :

Willowe, willowe, willowe,

his vallor doth crowne.

The rest with Rosemarie we gracie,

O Hymen let thy lights

With richest rayes guild enerie face,

and feast harts with delights.

Willowe, willowe, willow,

we chant o the skies :

And with blacke and yellowe,

gine courisship the prize.

FINIS.











































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